The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1892.

The Week.

THE calm tone of Mr. Cleveland's letter is entirely suited to that of the present campaign. If the country is quiet and is entering upon a Presidential election free from the excitement and uproar which usually accompany such contests, Mr. Cleveland is equally undisturbed. He states his principles and his attitude towards the leading questions of the canvass, and submits his fortunes and those of his party to the verdict of the people, without making any effort to excite their prejudices. The strongest portion of his letter is naturally that relating to the tariff issue, for it is with this that he is most closely identified, and it is upon this that the election will turn. Those persons who have been hoping that he would "dodge" on this question and fail to stand squarely upon the Chicago platform, will be disappointed. He does nothing of the kind. He accepts the platform in the spirit in which every genuine tariff-reformer accepts it. He believes in a "tariff for revenue only," and that "Republican protection is a fraud"; but, while believing this, he does not propose to do, what Mr. Harrison declares to be the Democratic purpose, viz., "blow up" the entire existing system without delay, and put absolute free trade in its place.

A great many Republican newspapers and stump-speakers are in a state of unconcealed agitation over the financial dangers which would be involved in Democratic success. It is a pity that they are so alarmed by the imagined evils of the future that they cannot stop to discuss the actual evils of the present and point out what party is responsible for them. Perhaps they are content, however, to leave financial journals to do the work for them. The last number of the *Financial Chronicle* has articles upon "The Financial Situation" and "The United States' Position in the World's Gold Movements," both of which, it says, "go to prove the imperative need that exists for the speedy repeal of the 1890 Silver Law." After showing that the "merchandise result" in our foreign trade for August was "about $19,000,000 worse" than for the same month last year, and pointing out the bearing of this fact on gold exports, it speaks of the "respite" afforded during the past week by the falling of foreign exchange, but says: "We call it a respite because all know that so long as that 1890 Silver Law remains on the statute-books, the evil is at work even during these seasons of apparent rest. No doubt under recent experience the country has become more fully convinced of the mistake that law was and is." When conservative financial organs are saying such things as this, it is in order for the Republican party to give a little more thought to its own financial folly, as embodied in Republican legislation, and a little less to the dreadful financial plots of the Democrats, all as yet in the future.

One of the "silver Senators," Mr. Stewart of Nevada, has bolted his party on that issue, having refused to support Harrison and declared for Weaver. This confirms previous indications that so many of the Nevada Republicans are going over to the third party on this issue that Weaver will carry the State. In Colorado the Republicans are trying to "straddle" upon the silver question. The platform adopted at their recent State Convention declares that the portion of the Minneapolis platform which says that "the Republican party demands the use of both gold and silver as standard money, with restrictions and under provisions to be determined by legislation," is to be interpreted to "mean that such wise legislation, if passed by the legislative branch of the Government, which represents the people, would be sanctioned by the executive." This, being interpreted, means that President Harrison, if reëlected, would, in the opinion of the Colorado Republicans, be bound not to veto a free-coinage bill if Congress should pass one. Meanwhile Eastern Republicans are urging his reëlection on the ground that he is the only man running for the Presidency who can be trusted to block free-coinage legislation.

The Ohio Wool-Growers' Association—the well-known *alias* of Messrs. Lawrence and Delano—has been at it again. Its annual session was held at Columbus on September 16, and the "semi-annual address" of President Lawrence contained bad news for the country in general and the Republican party in particular. The fact is that the duties on wool are too low, and have got to be raised at once, or the "80,000 voting wool-growers of Ohio" will know the reason why. The insatiate Lawrence reminds the Republicans that their platform of 1888 declared for "full and adequate protection" for wool. That the McKinley duties do not fill the bill is evident from the fact that the price of wool is lower than before they were put on. Wool-grower Lawrence admits that McKinley meant well, but says that his "purpose has been in part defeated by the decline in foreign prices, which was not expected when the law was passed." There can be no question, of course, what "the remedy" is—namely, "increased protection." Accordingly, "wool-growers should know from every candidate for Congress whether he will aid in securing this, and, if not, then refuse to vote for him."

This declaration of war may in part account for the sudden Republican nervousness over the situation in Ohio. McKinley and Foster are reported to be cancelling their outside engagements in order to take the stump at home in a "sure State," and Senator Sherman is booked for twenty speeches, all in "rock-bound Ohio." Secretary Foster is singled out by Lawrence for especial warning. The latter says that "on June 1, 1891, Mr. Delano and myself addressed an argument to the Secretary of the Treasury, demonstrating, as we believe, that Chinese wools should be dutiable as first-class wools." Sad and strange to say, "as yet no answer has been received." And no later than August 9, he called Mr. Foster's attention to the pernicious importations of "white-flannel cuttings from France" at 10 cents a pound duty, when, "in fact, they are waste, dutiable at 30 cents per pound." He wanted the "dumping" on us of "all the clippings of Asia and Europe" stopped at once, but "as yet I have no answer." This looks ominous for Secretary Foster, but we think he has a perfectly good defence. He ought at once to write Lawrence and Delano that all his time is taken up, in company with all the leading Republican orators, in denouncing any "change" in the tariff. How can he and the rest of them keep on with straight faces demanding that the tariff be "let alone" if every dissatisfied Republican who wants more protection begins already to serve notice that he must have it?

Quay no longer receives from the Republican press tributes, as "a practical politician and statesman, the leader of a great campaign, the admiration of the country," such as were paid him so profusely four years ago; but an interview with him still commands a certain measure of attention. He tells an inquiring reporter that he thinks Harrison will be elected, and he also tells why he thinks so. It is because he believes "Cleveland will be beaten by dissensions in the New York Democracy—nothing else"; "a split in his party, a lack of unity in sentiment for him, is what is going to defeat him." Except for Democratic dissensions, Quay frankly confesses that he has no hope. Other reasons which are alleged for believing in Harrison's election he thus dismisses:

> "I have seen some statements to the effect that, by reason of a fear of the trade disturbances incident to the tariff legislation, which would be inevitable with a Democratic Congress and a Democratic Administration, business men in the New York Democracy favor Harrison's reëlection. But I don't take any stock in this. My belief is that the business people throughout the country would as soon have Cleveland for President as Harrison, as far as their business interests go. The financial interests all over the country swear by Cleveland, especially the bankers."

Quay is a little more frank than some

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others, but, when he is pressed, every Republican whose opinion is worth anything will admit that his sole dependence is what is fast proving the broken reed of Democratic dissensions.

Mr. Blaine has written a letter to explain that the reason he did not vote in the recent Maine election was because he found a Democratic friend who was ready to "pair off" with him, and save him the three days' time and 250 miles of travel it would have required for him to go from Bar Harbor to Augusta, get his name on the register, and cast his ballot. This, of course, "lets him out," but it does not explain why so many thousands of Maine Republicans followed Mr. Blaine's example in staying away from the polls without taking the trouble to "pair off" with Democrats. The Lewiston *Journal* publishes full returns of the election, which show a total Republican vote of only 67,870, against 79,398 in the corresponding election of 1888, and 78,912 in September, 1884, while the Democratic vote was 55,390, against 61,350 in 1888 and 59,061 in 1884. This allowed the Republicans a plurality of only 12,480 this year, against 18,048 in 1888 and 19,851 in 1884. In other words, about 6,000 Republicans who turned out in the September elections of the last two Presidential years did not go to the polls this year, and did not "pair off" either.

Mr. Hackett, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, has issued another confidential circular to faithful Republicans, which has a very suspicious look. In his first one he asked all the postmasters of the State for contributions to the Republican campaign fund, and in the second he proposed to them to make their offices branches of the Republican State Committee by sending to him the "names of from eight to twelve of the most active, earnest, discreet, and trustworthy young Republicans who get their mails at your Post-office," adding: "I particularly wish, also, that you keep this request a secret, even from those whose names you furnish me. . . . Your prompt service in this matter will not be forgotten." In the third circular, which was revealed to the public on Saturday, and which is addressed to "active, earnest, and sincere Republicans," who hold "Republican success dear to their hearts," and which is presumably sent to the persons whose names have been furnished by the postmasters, Mr. Hackett says:

"It is the desire of the New York State Republican Committee to be permitted to request you to do some particular service for the Republican cause from time to time during the canvass. Such service will call for the exercise of discretion and the ability to keep a secret. Are you willing to undertake such duty to help secure Republican success? If you are willing to do so, send me the name of a Democrat among your acquaintances whom you believe *can be induced to vote the Republican ticket this fall.* If more than one, give their names and place your letter in the enclosed envelope. Please sign the list with your full name and Post-office address plainly written. You may be sure that any service you may be able to render will not be forgotten."

When questioned about this circular, Mr. Hackett said on Friday that there was "nothing wrong about it," that he is "conducting an educational campaign," and that his "inducements" would consist entirely of documents and campaign literature. If this is the case, why is he so strenuous in all his circulars about the "exercise of discretion" and the "ability to keep a secret"? Does it require great "discretion" to distribute campaign tracts, and is it a business which a man should keep secret lest he be caught and punished for it?

The Question Clubs of Massachusetts have been putting some queries to Senator Dawes in regard to the McKinley tax on wool, reminding him that he was in favor of free wool in 1860, and asking him if it was true, as reported in the Boston *Journal*, that he believed that "whenever raw material entering into manufacturing here cannot be produced here in sufficient quantities and at such cost as to make its use in manufacturing here profitable, it should be admitted free of duty." The Senator answered that he had been correctly quoted, and that "by that test the clause alluded to [the one increasing the duty on carpet wools from 25 to 32 per cent.] must, with me, stand or fall." But he does not think the McKinley Bill can "be best judged by piecemeal, any more than a house can be best judged by testing here and there a brick in it." That is to say, the Senator would be in favor of knocking out the wool brick and many others, in accordance with the demands of his constituents, but thinks the riddled McKinley edifice would still be fair to look upon. At any rate, he is unusually bold and frank for a Republican in a Presidential year, though we fear it must be charged to the fact that he is not seeking reëlection. It is impossible to conceive of the Hon. Henry C. Lodge at this interesting political juncture admitting, with Mr. Dawes, that the "McKinley Law is not perfect."

The greatest living authority on the theory of protection, Prof. (or ex-Prof.) R. E. Thompson, has been called in to the aid of the distressed American Protective Tariff League to explain why protection has not increased wages in accordance with McKinley's promises. He furnishes two articles to the organ of the League on "Wages and Protection," in which he advances some novel views on the subject of the rate of wages and what determines it. After admitting that the tariff does not affect wages "directly or by any prescription of their rate," he boldly attacks the question, "What, then, is it that determines the rate of wages?" and says that the "first of the various forces which coöperate to this is public opinion." He explains his meaning to be that "the country has a certain notion of the way in which its workmen ought to live, and in a thousand ways it emphasizes its demand that they shall do no worse than this. If it be shown that they or any large body of them are away below this standard of living, it makes its disapprobation felt." This shows how great a mistake it was for the Homestead strikers to appeal to cost of production and claim an undiminished share of the increased profits of the Carnegies. What they should have done was to call mass-meetings in various parts of the country, and get Prof. Thompson to threaten Mr. Frick with "disapprobation." That would doubtless have brought him to terms long ago.

The learned professor attaches much importance to trades unions as a means of raising wages, but the one great source of blessing to workingmen, in his mind, is war. He sketches the history of our country, and shows how our various wars acted as providential substitutes for protection, and so blessed the workingmen. "The war for independence served as a protective tariff of the highest rate." When it was over, all was misery and starvation again until "the war of 1814–15 wrought a temporary improvement." But peace "caused a general prostration" as soon as it came, and it was not until our legislators learned at last the wisdom of maintaining war taxes in time of peace that the "cowboy" ceased to be "the typical American industrialist." These profound views of Prof. Thompson make it all the more incomprehensible to us why he was turned out of his chair in the University of Pennsylvania.

The Writing-Paper Manufacturers' Association (please do not say Trust) met at Springfield, Mass., last week and determined to shut down their mills for a month. This would look as if the market must be overstocked and as if paper might be cheaper. On the contrary, these distressed manufacturers announce that "an increase of two cents a pound for paper seems extremely probable." We should say this means it is certain. These same manufacturers have been doing great work in Australia of late. They are boldly meeting English competition in that country and crushing it out. But in their own land they would be ruined were it not for the duty of 25 per cent. by which their product is protected. In Australia they put their prices down. At home they put them up, and it is the duty which enables them to do so. All this throws light upon the assertion of the Democratic platform that "Republican protection is a fraud."

The failure of the attempt to hold the *South Portland* for violation of the neutrality laws, in having shipped a cargo of

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arms, presumably for use in the Venezuelan civil war, was foredoomed. There was not a particle of evidence that the steamer was fitted out as a cruiser, or that she was to carry an expeditionary force. She was engaged in nothing but a commercial transaction, so far as our Government had a right to judge. As Prof. Woolsey recently said, and as the courts decided in the *Itata* case to the confusion of the self-made jurists at Washington, it is "lawful for our merchants to sell arms to all the world, at peace or at war." Balmaceda had his rights of capture of contraband articles in the *Itata*, and the Venezuelan Government, in like manner, could have intercepted the *South Portland*, if sailing to a Venezuelan port, and forcibly taken off the munitions of war found on her. But to hold her in New York harbor on the ground of shipping arms was a proceeding which, as the event shows, could not be sanctioned by law.

It is so seldom that courts exercise any proper degree of discrimination in regard to naturalizing foreigners that it is a great satisfaction to find judges who show some sense of their duty in the matter. While Judge Gildersleeve of the Superior Court issued final papers on Thursday last to 154 applicants, Judge Giegerich of the Court of Common Pleas, sitting more hours, admitted only fifty and rejected eighteen. Judge Pryor is still more rigorous, and a few days ago accepted only about 10 per cent. of the applicants who appeared before him. Indeed, the attachés of this court say that an applicant for citizenship has to pass "a regular civil-service examination," five minutes at least being devoted to an investigation of his fitness for citizenship. The judges of the Court of Common Pleas are of opinion that a man cannot be attached to the principles of the Constitution unless he displays some acquaintance with those principles, nor can he be well disposed to the good order and happiness of the country if he be an Anarchist; and the "civil-service examination" is intended to satisfy them upon these points. This is the course which ought to be pursued by all judges who have the power to make citizens of aliens, and it is a reproach to our courts that the policy of Judges Pryor and Giegerich should attract attention by its very novelty.

The only fear of cholera now remaining in the newspapers of this city seems to be a fear that they cannot reverse themselves on the subject fast enough. It is safe to say that if they were now following the methods they adopted one month ago, we should now be, to judge by their "scare" headlines, in the midst of a dreadful epidemic. At that time "Is It Cholera?" or "Is Cholera Here?" was the usual heading for every reported case of cramps; but now we have had actual cases to the number of a dozen or so, and yet they are all brushed aside as merely "suspicious cases," "probably not cholera." Commercial motives have doubtless been stronger than shame in leading to this change, but we believe that shame has had something to do with it. The actual demonstration that cholera can be sporadic in this city without being allowed to become epidemic, makes the insensate shrieking and pitiable cowardice of last month seem so absurd and contemptible that we do not wonder that those who were foremost in it are now saying: "Cholera? We never heard of it. Anyhow, it's nothing to be afraid of."

Nothing is more curious in the home-rule controversy than the extent to which it is carried on by English statesmen in the columns of American periodicals. The Duke of Argyll has just drawn out Mr. Gladstone in the pages of the *North American Review*, and now, we are told, Mr. Balfour is to follow Mr. Gladstone. We presume that about a dozen articles in all have appeared in American reviews from Englishmen prominent in public affairs on this Irish question. Their object in carrying on the debate here is hard to see. American opinion cannot possibly settle the matter, and, if it could, there would be great difficulty in finding out what American opinion on it is, in spite of Mr. Chauncey Depew's attempt to give Mr. Gladstone the exact figures of the American vote on it, if such a vote could be taken. Then, as everybody knows, the interest felt in the subject in this country, except as a question of English politics, by anybody except the Irish, is very small. Moreover, there is no question now before the world which requires so much knowledge of the facts of Irish political and economic history for even a slight comprehension of it, and we doubt if one hundred Americans all told possess any such knowledge or would take the trouble to acquire it.

The opinion of most Americans about home rule in other countries is that home rule is good for those who can secure it, on the principle laid down by George III., that every man was fit for any office he could get. But no American holds the doctrine, which underlies nearly all the addresses made to the American public by English opponents of Irish home rule, that home rule is something in the nature of a Sunday-school prize, only to be given to good boys. When they show us that the Irish are wicked people, or anyhow not "nice" or agreeable, they think they have proved their case, whereas they simply make it ridiculous. Yet this is about all the Duke of Argyll has to say, and will probably be the gist of what Mr. Balfour is going to say by and by. The rest of the world has, however, got far past this kindergarten view of politics. The world, happily or unhappily, has ceased to be governed, if it ever was governed, by truly good and gentlemanly men, who never would abuse their power. The old Liberal view, which has been applied by Englishmen of all parties to every country except Ireland, is that home rule is a cure for bad behavior, and not a reward for good behavior. The expectation in England that Mr. Gladstone was going to reveal his home-rule plan in detail first to the American public has, we are glad to say, been disappointed, for anything of the sort would have been absurd as well as undignified.

Le Temps complains that during August the customs receipts in France fell not only below the amount estimated in the budget, but below those of August, 1891. The deficiency below the budget estimate is more than 7,000,000 francs, and it is 2,000,000 francs as compared with the receipts in the corresponding month of the previous year. A higher tariff has therefore produced a smaller revenue, and the difference must be made up by increased taxation, which will not be paid by the foreigner. The termination of the commercial treaties, if carried out, must result in increasing the cost of many of the raw materials required by French industries and thereby diminish their productiveness. After a severe struggle the protectionists were defeated in the attempt to impose higher duties upon some of the most essential of these materials, but they threaten to overthrow the Government upon this issue. The results of the new tariff, however, are not such as to recommend their plan to public favor.

It is reported in Madrid that the Spanish Prime Minister is about to take a leaf out of French experience, and request the Pope to enjoin upon all the Spanish episcopate frank and full recognition of the boy king, Alfonso XIII., as the only and legitimate heir to the throne. If such directions from Rome should be given to the Spanish bishops, it would be as bitter a pill to some of them as were to many of the French episcopate the Pope's commands to submit to the Republic. The Carlist agitation has had a large part of its strength in the support of some of the stoutest Churchmen in Spain. Limited as it is to-day, it is strongest where the Church is most absolute and unites its royal claims with the most extreme ultramontane pretensions of the Church. It would certainly be a great stroke for the pacification of Spain if Cánovas could induce the Holy See to intervene and deprive Carlism of all ecclesiastical sanction. Don Carlos is such a devout son of the Church, and has always been so profuse in his expressions of loyalty to Rome, that, though he might seem to have put himself beyond danger of having his claims disowned by the Pope, he would have no resort left if the Pope's ecclesiastical support were to be withdrawn.

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CHANGED CONDUCT OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE Administration has now two important foreign complications on hand—the controversy with Canada over the canal tolls, and the negotiations with Venezuela over the denial of the right of asylum in an American merchant ship in the harbor of Puerto Cabello. No one can have failed to notice the great gain in sobriety and dignity which has marked the handling of both these cases by the State Department, compared with the methods followed last fall and winter at the time of the Chilian imbroglio. There is a perceptible improvement in the tone of the official papers relating to these disputes, and also in the personal utterances of the officials of our Government who have to do with them; but the greatest gain of all is in the unofficial and newspaper conduct of foreign affairs. Eight months ago we had to deal not alone with State papers and public debate, but with a great mass of "inspired" utterances in the press, and interviews with persons "enjoying the confidence of the President," in all of which the attempt was made to rouse a warlike spirit in the country, to give the impression that the Chief Magistrate was in a state of highly inflamed patriotism, and that the army and navy were fairly aching to get a chance to blow somebody to pieces.

We are very glad to record the passing away of all this. Both the President and the new Secretary of State have been very quiet and free from hectoring in their official correspondence with the Canadian Government, and have either denied themselves entirely to reporters who sought their opinions on the subject, or have contented themselves with regretting the difficulty and hoping for its speedy adjustment. And in the Venezuela affair they have so far refrained from any of that frothing and being "deeply affected" and "striking the Cabinet table with his clenched fist," which were too common in all the weeks when a war with Chili was talked of. But such changes in the spirit of dealing with the foreign relations of the country do not come about without adequate causes, and it is worth while inquiring into them. Why is it that when an American seaman is killed in Genoa in 1892, and the killing is explicitly stated to have been due to hostility to the uniform of the United States which he wore, the event should pass almost unnoticed, whereas, when a similar occurrence took place in Valparaiso in 1891, the country was kept for weeks in uncertainty whether it was not to be hurried into a bloody war?

The first and most obvious reason for the changed spirit is the fact that the foreign policy of a year ago was so evidently unpopular and politically futile. Everything that could be done to kindle a war sentiment in the country was done, and the result was an absolute failure to kindle any whatever. The patriotic note was valorously sounded in Washington, and the President carefully listened for the response of the country, but the only response he got was a distinct rebuke. The religious press was unanimous in disapproving the talk of war, and all the secular press that is not professionally blatherskite and pugilistic took the same position. A similar tone was held by business corporations and commercial bodies. In fact, there was never a more signal demonstration of the truth that a "brilliant" and "aggressive" foreign policy, leading directly to international disputes and probable war, is the most unpopular of all things in this country. It is not strange, then, that there has been no desire on the part of the Administration to repeat an experiment which turned out so disastrously every way.

But we do not believe that a fair account of the change under notice can be given without referring to the retirement from political life of the man who first gave the Republican party the idea that there were votes for it in a pushing and overbearing foreign policy. This was one of the shifts to which Mr. Blaine's fertile mind resorted in order to make good to his party the defections with which it was threatened by his candidacy. The appearance of the "Blaine Irishman" in American politics marked the beginnings of the theory that votes lost by moral decadence and surrender to monopolists at home could be made up for by striking a heroic attitude in all our foreign relations. And the undoubted fact that Mr. Blaine did in a measure succeed in his schemes, although as a whole they miserably failed, has had a malign influence on his party ever since. It has been continually on the watch for some brilliant diversion by which it might somehow get around the good sense of the people, and no diversion has been more in favor than that of glory gained through overriding some foreign nation. But when put to the decisive test in the Chilian business, the theory did not work at all. The "Blaine Irishman" has accompanied the author of his being to political retirement. The advent of a quiet gentleman into the State Department, and the return to the recognized proprieties of diplomatic methods, have been the natural result.

Upon it the country has every reason to congratulate itself. If we have any "destiny" at all, or any "place among the nations of the earth" to be jealous over, it is the destiny and the honor of working out in peace the industrial and social problems that are taking on such vast proportions in our land. As a fighting nation we have nothing to teach the world, and the search for glory and aggrandizement abroad can make us only offensive and ridiculous. What the world looks to the United States to do, is to demonstrate the possibility of maintaining under democratic institutions a stable government without endangering individual liberty; and anything that stands in the way of that, be it a jingo foreign policy or a monopolistic tariff, ought to be got rid of as speedily as possible.

BISHOP POTTER ON SUNDAY OPENING.

THE article which Bishop Potter has contributed to the October *Forum* on "Sunday and the Columbian Exposition" will reopen the discussion of this question, temporarily discontinued with the action of Congress a few weeks ago in making national aid contingent upon the closing of the gates on Sunday. Such a reopening is on all grounds most desirable, for there is a strong feeling among thoughtful people that the decision of Congress did not represent "the sober second thought" of the nation.

Bishop Potter points out that the institution of Sunday as we have it in America consists of two things—the institution itself and "its modern accretions," by which latter phrase he means "all that Sunday has taken on of more precise and more austere restriction in connection with the Puritan movement, whether in England or in America." The Bishop draws this striking contrast between Sunday as it was established by the Founder of Christianity and maintained for some centuries, and the Sabbath introduced by the Puritans:

> "There can be little doubt that while the Christian First Day, or Sunday, took over from the Sabbath its venerable conception of a rest day, with it scarcely less venerable traditions of religious worship, it dismissed on the one hand that earlier strictness that would not on the Sabbath day pull an ox or an ass from the pit into which they had fallen, nor pluck an ear of corn even to satisfy the most urgent demands of hunger, while, on the other, it imported into the day an element of gladness and festivity which made the Sunday of primitive Christianity in many respects not unlike our own Christmas or Thanksgiving Day. What we who are native to America are most of all familiar with—its asceticism of domestic usage, its absolute prohibition not merely of amusement, but of recreation (the two are very different things) on Sunday, its dreary denial even of innocent occupations, its stern rebuke of the gayety and mirthfulness of children, its hard constriction of the domestic affections and of neighborly courtesies—by none of these characteristics were the Sundays of the first Christian centuries distinguished. A true picture of them may by anticipation be found in the pages of the New Testament itself, where Christ is found on one Sabbath day healing a paralytic, much to the disgust of a ruler of the synagogue, who roundly denounces him; or on another dining with a Pharisee and making this kindly intercourse the means of the loftiest teaching, thus expressively proclaiming that humaner law which was to govern men henceforth in their observance of all holy days, whether Sabbaths or Sundays."

Quite apart from the source of this law, Bishop Potter thinks it difficult to see how it could be improved. He refers to the attempts so often made to "reintroduce a rule of prohibitive asceticism which Christ, in his own person, once and for ever dismissed," and the failure of all these attempts to produce "those choicer fruits of conduct which have never ripened save as men have faced life and conquered it—have 'used the world as not abusing it.'" So it will be, in his opinion, whether the question concern the observance of a day, the mastery of the appetites, or the enfran-

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chisement of the will. It follows that "we shall get a good Sunday in America when men learn to recognize its meaning and its uses—not when we have closed all the doors which, if open, might help to teach them that lesson." One of those doors, it seems to him, is the door of a library; another, the door of a well-arranged and well equipped museum; still another, the door of a really worthy picture gallery—and he shows how all such opportunities must exercise an enlightening, refining, and instructive influence. The principle is thus applied to the Chicago case:

"And this would seem to indicate that, consistently with the scrupulous observance of Sunday as a day of rest, a great assemblage of the achievements of human art and industry might wisely be made a silent schoolroom of the progress of human civilization. Let the Columbian Exposition proclaim by the hush of all its varied traffic and machinery—no wheel turning, no engine moving, no booth or counter open to buyer or seller, no sign or sound of business through all its long avenues, and, better still, by its doors closed till the morning hours of every Sunday are ended—that the American people believe in a day of rest. But if there be those who would later seek its precincts to look, it may be, more closely at the handiwork of man, to study the progress of the race in the story of its artistic and industrial and mechanical achievements, and to recognize thus, it may easily be, in the study of such achievements, with Job, that 'there is a spirit in man, and that the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding'—that certainly can be no unworthy use of some hours of our America's rest day."

Moreover, the Bishop proceeds, it is not a question of doing the best possible thing, as the all-day Sunday closers seem to think, but of doing the best practicable thing; and therefore one should not leave out of sight the alternative if the crowds of idle strangers in Chicago are kept out of the Exposition grounds, and find the doors to saloons and worse places wide open. This consideration is the more important "in view of facts that are abundantly well known as to the use that people shut out from the Exposition made of their Sunday afternoons in Philadelphia."

There remains the argument that "if you begin to make concessions, you never can tell where you will stop," and what the Bishop says regarding this is the more weighty because he confesses that the argument is one by which he has himself been greatly influenced in considering the question of particular relaxations of a stricter Sunday usage in a great city. He sees two answers to the proposition. The first is found in the question, "Are the concessions demanded intrinsically reasonable and a just reaction from previous over-strictness?"

The Bishop's second answer is, that "what may be called the Christian theory of life as enunciated by Christ himself demands, most of all, as between things tolerable, permissible, and prohibited, what I may call the habit of discrimination"; that "it does not follow, therefore, that where one makes a righteous concession he never can tell where he will stop"; that "to know where to stop is, in one sense, of the very essence of his Christian liberty and responsibility." A man need not wear a Quaker coat in order to observe a decent simplicity in the matter of dress, nor take a monastic vow of celibacy or poverty in order to live a pure and unselfish life. He must deal with every question that arises—the Sunday question of course included—according to the dictates of an enlightened judgment and conscience. This, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter:

"He has not suddenly become a godless and profane person because he differs with other equally honest and conscientious people about Sunday, or because he holds that there are inherited views as to the observance of that day which cannot by any process of ingenuity be read into the pages of the New Testament nor into any canon by which Christendom is bound either in its interpretation of that book or of the Lord's Day. Those inherited views, however dear to some of us, have just so much weight as can be gained for them from the study of the history of the origin and institution of the Christian Sunday—and no more. And if such a study makes plain to us the value of the day of rest, of worship, and no less of a cheerful and manly exercise of our Christian liberty in things indifferent in the observance of such a day, we may wisely consider whether a Sunday wisely guarded for such uses is not the best Sunday, alike for Exposition times and for all times."

The source of this deliverance, the force of its arguments, and, above all, the admirable spirit which characterizes it, must give it great weight. It is not too much to hope that it may lead to general revision of views and a change of attitude in many cases. The misfortune of the desultory discussion which ended in "Matt" Quay's appearance as the successful champion of the Puritan Sabbath in Congress was the fact that the opposition to Sunday opening was "worked up" most industriously by some zealous fanatics, while its friends made no really effective attempt to present their side of the case. There is still time to develop a more intelligent public sentiment which will sustain Congress in reversing next winter its ill-judged action at the last session.

MR. MORLEY'S TROUBLE.

THE taunt against Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals which produced most effect in the debate which closed the existence of the Salisbury Ministry, was Mr. Balfour's warning to Mr. John Morley that he would not be able to govern Ireland without the aid of the Coercion Act—that is, without the use of extraordinary and arbitrary police powers. There were two reasons why this sent a little tremor through the Liberal ranks. One was the knowledge that the Irish irreconcilables, or "Parnellites," led by Mr. John Redmond, and containing probably all the turbulent element of the population, including whatever remained of the old Fenians, were not well affected towards the Gladstone Ministry. Mr. Redmond did not on their behalf promise any very faithful support, and it was feared that if this element were let loose as the winter approached, and began a course of "outrages," they would plunge Mr. Morley into terrible embarrassment. The other was the knowledge, which might have been called common knowledge, that nearly all the Irish landlords had aided Mr. Balfour to the utmost extent of their power in making the coercive policy seem a success, by refraining from pressure on tenants in arrear, and by the almost total abandonment of evictions for non-payment of rent. The result was, that Mr. Balfour was able to prepare for the general election by announcing that Ireland under his system was at last perfectly peaceful, or, as he boasted on the stump, that "they [the Tory Ministry] had at least shown that they knew how to govern Ireland." His defiance to Mr. Morley in the debate, therefore, was so pointed as to have almost the air of a promise to make trouble for him, and it was so treated by Mr. T. P. O'Connor (better known as "Tay Pay," on account of the richness of his brogue), who followed him in a powerful speech.

These fears were felt by the bulk of the Irish members more seriously than by the English Liberals, and the former have, therefore, been straining every nerve since the election to conciliate the anti-Parnellites and keep them quiet, and apparently with a considerable measure of success. But no influence can be brought to bear on the landlords to induce them to refrain from exercising their rights in the most extreme form, and the latest news is that they are preparing, as politicians would say here, to "put Morley in a hole," by taking out writs of ejectment on a great scale. If these evictions are carried out, Mr. Morley will have to lend the police and troops to assist the Sheriff; and even if there should be no resistance, he will be held responsible in Irish eyes, and in English Radical eyes, too, for some of those clearances of population off the soil on a great scale which no other country in Europe has ever witnessed, and which, as Lord Russell remarked fifty years ago, are one of the greatest scandals of both English and Irish history.

Mr. Morley is likely to have trouble enough without this, in dealing with what has been known during the discussions of the last few years as the case of "the evicted tenants"—that is, of the tenants who, under the "Plan of Campaign," refused to pay more than a certain amount of rent to their landlords, and, when it was refused, turned it over to the Treasurer of the National League. A great many of these men were consequently evicted, and since then the great bulk of the farms thus vacated have been lying idle, few or none having the courage to take them in the teeth of popular hostility. Whether the original tenants were fools or knaves is not now a matter of practical importance. They generally acknowledge their error, but they have no money to pay up their arrears of rent, although they are very eager to reoccupy their farms. In any other country than Ireland a compromise of some kind would ere now have been effected, but in Irish politics every-

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body would sooner lose money than an opportunity of making the other side smart. Accordingly, one of the great joys of the landlords and the English Tory politicians during the past five years has been the exhibition of the evicted tenants as the victims of home-rule folly and wickedness, whom it would be almost a sin to restore. At last the tenants, in despair, got into the way of believing that, when Gladstone came back to power, he would in some manner reinstate them; but when he was pressed on this point on coming into office, all he could say, of course, was that he hoped, in the course of the winter, that some means would be found of bringing the landlords and them to terms. This was the language of a humane and rational man, but it was received by his enemies with a howl of delight, as showing that on this point he had no fixed policy, and that in this matter at least there would be found plenty of material for harassing him.

Everything now depends on the ability of the Irish leaders to control the people when exposed to various forms of legal provocation. Whether this ability exists, time only can show. Should there be an outbreak of agrarian disturbance which would compel Mr. Morley to use any of the weapons of his predecessor for the restoration of order, it would give the Ministry, by the time Parliament met, a very serious blow. If it be asked why, after the establishment of judicial rents—that is, rents fixed by judicial appraisers—these rent difficulties should keep constantly recurring whenever there is a bad season, the answer is that hardly any Irish land is really capable of paying rent at all, any more than land in New England or along the Hudson River, after leaving the tiller of the soil a decent living; and that all Irish rents, even "judicial rents," are fixed under traditions concerning the tenant's standard of living to which the latter are less and less willing to submit.

NOVELISTS AND DRAMATISTS.

THE theatrical dry season in London has been enlivened by a discussion of the relations of writers of fiction to the drama. One morning paper set about drawing from a number of well-known novelists their opinions on the general question, and also their explanation of the fact that they had never themselves attempted a play. Mr. William Archer, the dramatic critic, had gone on record with the opinion that novelists not only might be, but ought to be, playwrights as well; as he expressed it: "They owe it to themselves and to literature to make some essay at any rate in dramatic form." He had pointed out, too, how marked was the contrast between the practice of the English and the Continental novelists in this respect. Nearly all the more famous French novelists have written for the stage. Even in Spain, where dramatic writing has been held as a profession by itself more rigidly perhaps than anywhere else, the French example has begun to tell, and the veteran novelist, Galdós, has only this year produced his first play. In Mr. Archer's mind, it is within the power of English novelists to rescue the stage from the inanities to which he thinks it is almost wholly given over, and hence it is something like a call to duty that he addresses to them.

Their replies, however, so far as they have been made public, are not very encouraging. Mr. Hardy thinks he will stick to the novel as the best means of getting his ideas before the people, inasmuch as, in his opinion, "the novel affords scope for getting nearer to the heart and meaning of things than does the play." He has especially in mind "the play as nowadays conditioned, where parts have to be moulded to actors, not actors to parts." A truly original play he thinks no manager would take the risk of bringing out. He also would object to submitting himself to "the exigencies of scene-building," which demand that scenes should be "arranged in a constrained and arbitrary fashion, although spectators are absolutely indifferent to order and succession provided they can have set before them a developing thread of interest." Mr. W. E. Norris, who modestly claims to speak only for the "smaller fry," puts the case as follows:

> "Why, should we, who assuredly are not men of genius, and who therefore cannot hope to trample an opposing host of difficulties under foot, expose ourselves not so much to the danger as to the certainty of a fiasco? Let it, for the sake of argument, be boldly assumed that we could, if we chose, produce comedies about equal in merit to the novels which we have written, and which have found acceptance with a portion of the novel-reading public. Well, in Paris there would be a chance for us. In Paris our piece—the piece as we had written it—would be faithfully rend red, and our audience would no more think of demanding from it what was neither in it nor intended to be in it than of searching for peaches in a strawberry bed. In Paris such a play, for instance, as 'L'Ami Fritz,' a play in which there is absolutely no dramatic incident or situation whatsoever, is not only tolerated, but appreciated. But can it be pretended that London would put up with delineations of character, with little *genre* pictures of contemporary life, or gentle satires upon contemporary manners and morals?"

Other novelists whose views were sought objected to the stilted style demanded in dramatic writing and the constant necessity for making "points," and some dwelt upon the inherent distinctions, as they conceived them, between the novelist's art and that of the dramatist. The New York theatre-going public has just now an opportunity to witness a practical demonstration of the difficulty of turning a novel into a drama. The dramatization of 'The Scarlet Letter,' it seems agreed on all hands, presents an entirely inadequate idea of the real dramatic movement of the original. This, of course, makes against the adaptation only, and does not necessarily argue against Hawthorne's power to have written a play, instead of a romance, in the first instance. But who that reflects how great a part of the effect of his book depends upon the subtle suggestion of his description, will believe that it could all have been put into the dialogue and action to which dramatic writing is restricted?

Hawthorne, it is true, is by his peculiar genius an extreme case, and so not a fair test of the kinship of fiction with the drama. But there are real and important differences between the two, and between the powers of the men who do successful work in one and in the other. To speak only of a very obvious matter, what, after all, does "dramatic ability" consist in but a profound acquaintance with the methods of the stage and the limitations under which the ideas of a drama can be expressed? That play-writing is not merely a question of creating characters, but of creating them under the conditions of stage representation, and so requires a separate apprenticeship and mastery of a separate technique, is clearly perceived by one of the English novelists referred to above. He asks why, having painfully flogged himself up the hill of novel-writing, he should begin over again and go through the same unpleasant process in writing for the stage. The same truth is involved in Mr. Hardy's complaints of the artificiality of the stage; to the practised dramatist the conventions of the stage have become second nature, and to write in Mr. Hardy's fashion would be for him the artificial and impossible thing.

Mr. Archer declares the modern English drama to be in a very bad way, and we suppose no one will assert that the American is more fortunate. Yet we do not see how its elevation can be seriously hoped for at the hands of novelists as long as the professional writers for the stage are content to go on as they do. They probably can gauge the public taste and managerial favor better than anybody else. If they perceived a general demand for something more worthy the name of literature than are the wearisome melodrama and more wearisome farce that monopolize the theatres, they would doubtless try to satisfy it; the fact that they do not, would indicate that a novelist who set about elevating the stage would need to be highly disinterested, as he would have to ignore the usual motives of popularity or profit.

FÊTES AND CENTENARIES.

PARIS, September 12, 1892.

DURING the summer months we are now passing through, home politics are in almost complete abeyance: Deputies and Senators are on holiday, and the Ministers, sure of not being turned out of office on the morrow, are giving themselves up to the delights of their rural retreats. The profound calm has nothing to disturb it apart from the festivities of several kinds that are succeeding each other—official visit of the President of the Republic, with its necessary accessories, reviews, fireworks, distributions of decorations; and celebration of centenaries of various events belonging to the first Revolution. Though, to tell the truth, none of these manifestations has

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any direct political import, they are none the less interesting to observe, as revealing symptoms and tendencies worthy of note.

It is an old reproach against the French that they are the most frivolous people on the face of the earth. The accusation is doubtless exaggerated. It is certain, however, that our fellow-countrymen have a most pronounced taste for anything in the way of fêtes, demonstrations, and official and pompous manifestations. If they are, as their votes seem to imply, sincerely attached to the Republic, they certainly have no desire for the severe, austere Republic that certain revolutionists acclaim. Their ideal would rather appear to be a republic surrounded with all the pomp and parade of a monarchy. No doubt a minor, but yet a real, cause of the popularity of Gen. Boulanger was the legendary black horse on which he was wont to caracole, and his gay uniform, which, in the chromolithographs that were distributed in the country places, threw into the shade the modest black coat of the President of the Republic. If M. Carnot enjoys throughout the country a popularity that M. Grévy never acquired, he assuredly owes it in a large degree to the attention he has always bestowed on the representative part of his duties—a part absolutely neglected by his predecessor. He has multiplied fêtes and receptions; he inhabits during the summer what was formerly a royal residence; last and not least, he visits in succession every part of France, showing himself to the public from eight o'clock in the morning to midnight, undergoing with exemplary patience in each town at which he stops the interminable receptions of functionaries, the speeches and the banquets, and leaving generous offerings to all the charitable institutions of the neighborhood.

The object of his last journey was, as is known, to visit Savoy. In reference to this journey rumors of all kinds were put in circulation. It was announced, for example, that the visit of M. Carnot to the King of Greece, as he passed through Aix-les-Bains, where also he was to see M. de Giers, would give to this journey a very considerable importance in respect of our relations with Russia. The avowed reason of this journey was to be present at the fêtes celebrated at Chambéry in honor of the centenary of the reunion of Savoy to France. It will be remembered that Savoy was first annexed under the Revolution in 1792. She returned to Piedmont in 1815, and remained in that connection until the campaign of Napoleon III. in Italy restored her to France. Such being the facts of the case, it was difficult to pass over in complete silence the date of 1861, and the official speeches were compelled to recall it. The name, however, of Napoleon was mentioned by no one, and all professed to see in his achievement only the natural crowning of the work undertaken by the Revolution. This is a fact characteristic of a tendency that one sees manifest itself more and more.

The farther we go, the greater transformation do we see in the rôle attributed to the Revolution of 1789 and the public conception of it. It is no longer simply a great political and social movement, to be admired in certain of its actions, to be blamed in others, and one whose consequences have profoundly modified France and Europe throughout. It is becoming the starting-point of all one can consider good and great. It is the unique ancestor of republican and democratic France. Then, in proportion as it is thus exalted, grows the attempt to ignore whatever has been done outside of it, and outside of the Republic, which claims to be the sole outcome of it. And if in past centuries men are found whom the advanced Republicans wish to honor, they are proclaimed, often to the great detriment of historic truth, forerunners of the Revolution. All French Republicans, it is true, do not go so far as this; but a fanaticism of the kind is to be found, more or less accentuated, in a large number of cases.

One natural consequence of the tendency we speak of is to multiply the ceremonies commemorative of the various events of the Revolution. In addition to the fêtes of Chambéry which exhibit, as a matter of course, more of a local character, we had the celebration of the 10th of August; and the anniversary of the proclamation of the first Republic will be celebrated on the 22d of September by an official fête. A certain number of allegoric cars will parade the streets of Paris—the car of the Marseillaise, the car of the Republic, etc.—and choirs will sing hymns composed for the occasion, while persons dressed up in theatrical costume will exhibit in various places a number of appropriate scenes. What the effect of this masquerade will be—whether superb or ridiculous—we cannot beforehand predict. But this conception even of the fête, and the commentaries of some of the newspapers, are curious to remark. This "Sacred Car" of the Republic, this triumph of allegory, this mixture of the religious sentiment and the art of the strolling player, seems a far-off echo of the "Fête of the Supreme Being," with its symbolic decoration, and of the "Fête of Reason," celebrated in Notre Dame with the assistance of the *corps de ballet* from the opera.

The anniversary of the 10th of August did not have any official character. The Town Council of Paris had voted 200,000 francs with a view to its due and proper celebration, but the Government interposed its veto, judging, indeed, rightly that the anniversary of the invasion of the Tuileries by the people, and of the massacre of the Guards, ought not to be fêted, and esteeming quite useless the celebration of an insurrection. The manifestation, therefore, had a strictly private character; it nevertheless managed to surround itself with a certain lustre. Radical and socialist committees had organized a number of reunions and banquets in which orators vaunted, in speeches more or less inflammatory, the glorious day they were called together to celebrate. These men, who thus made the apotheosis of a day of insurrection and massacre, were not, however, anarchists; there were among them good sort of folks, incapable of doing harm to any one—for instance, a former president of the Council. But then, by reason of the tendency we indicated a moment ago, the Revolution is for many Republicans a thing henceforth scarcely to be discussed. In the first place, new legends spring up every day which completely change the aspect of events. Next, the Radicals have now for a long time proclaimed that the Revolution formed an indissoluble whole, a compact block from which nothing could be taken away, to the extent even that one must necessarily come to the point of exalting massacres as glorious feats of arms.

It needs to be remarked, however, that the great events of the Revolution are not all fêtes in the same sense of the word, and the choice made among them is at times significant. The 10th of August is celebrated with noisy demonstration, and the 4th of August—the day on which the clergy and the nobility in 1789 made spontaneous renouncement of their privileges—is passed over in silence. The second of these dates, which recalls an act that no one in France thinks at the present time of censuring, would shock no political party, while the 10th of August is to the taste only of the advanced radicals. It would seem that in this manner of glorifying the Revolution in its errors and in its crimes there is a desire to shock and annoy political opponents. In any case, if it is not intentional, the result is the same.

There are parties in the history of the Revolution which many people cannot admire, less often from political conviction than from their manner of judging, their habit of mind, their moral opinions, or their family traditions. Most Conservatives belong to this class. Many of them are certainly quite willing to come over unreservedly to the Republic, especially, as may be well imagined, to a republic having some of the lustre of a monarchy, and presided over by a chief worthy of respect, respected by all, and knowing how to set off the dignity of his office and to treat with the various crowned heads of Europe. But if the existing Republic fulfils in a measure some of these conditions, the tendency of certain politicians to identify it with the whole of the Revolution, and the particular choice of anniversaries which are solemnized—all this is not calculated to increase and hasten adhesions.

But such, it may be said, are quite subordinate questions, and all these manifestations of a purely outward kind cannot have any great political import. That is so, and we do not pretend that they are of themselves able to bring about a change of the public mind. But with a people whose character is like ours, they may help to create such a change; and this is why it is necessary to reckon with them.

S.

A PLEA FOR THE DISCOURAGEMENT OF ART.

London, September 9, 1892.

The advantage or drawback—which is it?—of going into retreat for a while in a little French provincial town, is the ease with which you lose touch with the outside world. Your news comes to you so late that either you feel the folly of being interested in it at all, or else you consider it far more seriously than time would allow had it reached you in the ordinary course of events. This was the case with me when, in the August *Atlantic Monthly*, I read Mr. Stillman's article on "The Revival of Art" fully a month after the average magazine-reader had forgotten it. Perhaps it appealed to me the more because it fitted in so admirably with the train of thought which recent experiences in Paris had started. As far as I can gather, the main facts Mr. Stillman desires to point out are that the world to-day does not want art, and that the present theory of art education is all wrong. I have already, in writing about this year's Salons, referred to the former of these facts as an explanation of the deplorable tendency of contemporary painters to resort to any trick or meretricious effect in order to catch the public's eye. No one can know anything of artist life in Paris, of the common talk and gossip of the studios and schools, without being brought face to face with the truth that much of the vaunted art education, supposed to be had in perfection in that capital, is a humbug. Mr. Stillman was chiefly concerned with the latter-day theory of teaching; in detail I disagree as often as I agree with him. But I am not writing to confute his arguments, especially as I find that the present degradation of art—you can call it by no other name—is due chiefly to other causes; causes which it is high time for the sentimentalists who pose as art patrons, to recognize. The art-

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ist cannot be destroyed by theory; but the mod rn practice of education can flood and is flooding the world with painters and sculptors, illustrators and designers, who were meant by nature to sell sugar or tape over a counter, or to run up endless columns of figures at an accountant's desk. The philosopher may go on theorizing for ever and no great harm be done; but our new and benevolent system of practical education threatens to make the art of the twentieth century a laughing-stock for all time.

It is not many years since a variety of reasons—it is not worth while to discuss them here—brought about that *renascence* over which so much "yearnestness" has been expended. The old anti-macassar went out and "art muslin" came in; the reign of *bric-à-brac* was inaugurated; and the preacher, lay or clerical, welcomed art as a factor in the regeneration of the human species and the onward march of civilization. All this might have been simply amusing if converts to the new creed had not looked upon it as their appointed mission to create artists. Mr. Stillman hits the nail upon the head when he speaks of the "ignorant and substantially superstitious respect, often amounting to reverence, for the artist," and of the religious fervor with which his patrons encouraged him. For them he replaced the wicked heathen of the East and the cannibal of the jungle. They devoted themselves to making artists where of old they had made Christians; this was all the difference. Now the worst of it was that while the elect were busy reviving art, the report was spread abroad that there was no easier way to turn an honest penny than to contribute work to this revival; the poor schcolma'am, by beating brass or painting *menus* in her leisure moments, could eke out sumptuously her modest income; the full-fledged artist could hope to rival the speculator in stocks in the princely measure of his profits. There was a fair amount of truth in this report. The art-worshippers, with all the zeal of converts, fell down indiscriminately before everything "done by hand," as promptly as the children of Israel before the golden calf; popular painters could ask any sum for their pictures with the certainty of getting it. This phase, however, could not last. When the millions took to doing things by hand, then art patrons began to look for those which were artistically done; when the thousands took to painting pictures, then only the exceptions could afford *not* to be dependent for popularity on their prices. At this juncture it probably occurred to the creators of art, the would-be Medici of the nineteenth century, that the training given to artists and the uncongenial influences to which they were exposed must be hindrances. For if, despite all that was being written or said about art, they proved themselves no greater than artists born in the Dark Ages, it could only be because opportunity had not been provided them for the full development of their powers. Right and left schools of design, usually modelled after South Kensington, were established; students, supported by private patrons or public bodies, were despatched to Paris, with the result that never have there been so many professional artists (I say nothing of the legion of amateurs) as to-day, never so much bad work turned out. And now comes the inevitable crisis: on the one hand, a public whose art enthusiasm is fast evaporating; on the other, a vast army of art students to whose numbers the thoughtless rich American, for his own glorification, s continually adding. For this crisis the theory of education is far less responsible than the practice. It is easy to show wherein part of the evil lies, and a little plain talk on a subject too often shrouded in sentiment may help to clear the air.

That in leading schools the methods are at fault there can be no doubt. South Kensington, as I say, has been the model for many an English and American school, and yet the failure of South Kensington is proverbial. Manufacturers still cry in vain for good designs; the artists who owe their inspiration to its classes can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Only the other day, one of the official Government Examiners told me that among eighteen hundred students whose designs were submitted to him, but one showed signs of individuality or even the least understanding of what was expected of him. But the root of the evil goes deeper still. Artists cannot be created. A far healthier state of affairs would result from the discouragement than from this form of the encouragement of art. South Kensington has not so far manufactured good designers and decorators, but in its many provincial branches the post of the master depends largely, I am assured, upon the number of students he can muster, though the best service he could render to his country would be to reduce rather than to increase their ranks. However, it is in Paris, because Paris has the reputation of being the centre of art, that this absurd system of encouragement reaches the very lowest stage of demoralization.

One hears much about the advantage of living in an art atmosphere, of the stimulus and facilities to be had by working in the Paris ateliers, being in the midst of French artists, studying the Old Masters, and so on. And now, what is the truth? why mince matters? In the facilities which I know are not indispensable to the production of good work, but which are great aids to it—in light and space and general comfort—Julian's and Colarossi's, where our students mostly flock, cannot be compared to our schools at home. This would be a minor loss if the gain outbalanced it. The stimulus, I suppose, is thought to come from the visit of this or that French master, but what personal interest does he really take in countless pupils whose language he cannot speak, save, now and then, when he recognizes the promise of genius in drawing or study? It is out of all reason that, simply because he makes the rounds of the studio, he is a genuine influence in it. And outside of the studio, how many of the students see or know him? If they did, how many would understand him or be able to talk with him? Indeed, once work is put away for the day, the American might as well be back at home in New York or Chicago. He lives in a little colony of his fellow-countrymen and Englishmen, and into their quarters, whether in Montparnasse or Montmartre, Frenchmen seldom penetrate; a French word is seldom heard in them. And his haunts there he rarely leaves, unless, perhaps, for the parlor of the rich American in the Champs-Élysées. Probably in the old days when English and American students were few, they may really have seen something of French artists, have lived in the French art world. But there are too many of them now. They have made a world of their own, and in it they remain so entirely and so securely that, ten to one, they can tell you less than you know yourself of art in France. The artist, though fresh from New York, if he cares is better posted as to movements and schools and revolutions in Paris than the student who has been at Julian's for a year. And as for the Old Masters, how often has he time to go to the Louvre to study them? And when he does manage it, what do the Old Masters mean to him? I know an artist of years and discretion and sound principles, who, after a first visit to Italy, declared, in the terse speech of the studio, that all the old work there was "rot." If this be the first impression of the average painter of experience, what can be expected of the callow fledgling who has never seen an Old Master before? Besides, the truth is, Paris offers too many distractions. I am no prude; the Bohemia of Mürger and his friends does not terrify me out of all common sense. But I realize that for the American, used at home to utterly different conditions of life, oftener than not the influence to which he is exposed means ruin—artistic as well as moral. There are certain forms of vice fostered—not necessarily—by the atelier life, which eat away the very foundation of intellectual and industrial effort, and send the student home not an artistic wonder, but a moral wreck. These are things to which in polite society one does not refer, but when the mania for sending youths to Paris to study art has attained its present proportions, politeness may profitably be dispensed with.

I do not mean to say that it is useless for students to go to Paris. For the man who has it in him to work, for the man who has already learned what can be learned in the schools at home, for the man who is an artist, the art atmosphere of the place is as unquestionable as it is invaluable. He may be safely left to himself to prefer the world of work and industry to the reunions in Montparnasse, to the dances and afternoon teas in the Champs-Élysées. He may be trusted to find time for the Luxembourg and the Louvre, and, moreover, to repeat his visits thither again and again, until he can appreciate what at first may have puzzled him in the old work, startled him in the new. But it is the despatching of unfledged youths to Paris by rich men who establish scholarships or support individuals, and so seek to shine by reflected glory, it is the same course pursued by art clubs and institutions, which is productive of so much harm. Paris now, in its schools, is but little better than Rome, but we are filling the French capital with our students just when Frenchmen are waking up to the absurdity of sending theirs to the Villa Medici on the Pincian. The "prix de Rome" has degenerated into the veriest mockery, as most French artists will admit. It at least has the warrant of tradition; but we are priding ourselves on the foundation of new scholarships on very similar lines, which, in the long run, cannot but prove an unmixed evil. It is but a few months since I received a circular from the founders of the latest Paris prize, and it seemed but typical of the prevalent folly that of the jury of appointment almost one-half were men knowing nothing of art, the others local artists—none of international, only two of national, reputation.

If there is so much ready money to be spent upon art, if there are so many influential men interested in students, money and interest need not be wasted. I do not believe that, the world over, better schools, in point of construction, could be found than many of ours. Do we need the proper masters? It is a want easily supplied. Bring them from Paris instead of bundling off our students to them there. I doubt if, now the hard times have come, there is a French painter of note (except Puvis de Chavannes, Monet, and one or two others, perhaps) who would not, for a good salary and the promise of commissions,

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be willing to teach in an American town for six or seven months of the year. Let Paris lose a little of its artistic and Bohemian glamor, let the hard work be done at home, and I think before long the weeding-out process would begin of itself; fewer men would go in for art, and only artists already trained would find their way to the galleries and studios on the Seine. In a late number of the *North American Review*, Mr. Crosby, in recommending Florence as a residence for the art student, qualified his recommendation by stating that it applied "to the matured artist or student rather than to the mere pupil." He could have made the same assertion with equal truth had he been writing of Paris. To stop the present flow of immature pupils to its studios would be a step in the right direction—a step towards that discouragement of art which must precede its establishment on a rational basis. N.N.

Correspondence.

THE COST OF LIVING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: With their usual faculty for looking at but one side of a question, the Republican press and protectionist speakers generally are making much of conclusions drawn from Senator Aldrich's "Report on Retail Prices and Wages," recently published by the Senate Committee on Finance, to the effect that, since the passage of the McKinley Act, wages have increased and the cost of living decreased.

As the report is most carefully and fairly prepared, there is no thought of questioning the accuracy of its figures; but, as the statistician, Dr. Falkner, shows on p. l., the reduction in the relative cost of food from June, 1889, to September 1891, is due entirely to the drop in sugar attendant on the removal of the duty on that item. In figures, the cost of all food necessaries was as 99.39 in 1891 to 100 in 1889; but if sugar be omitted from the group, the cost in 1891 was as 102.32 to 100 in 1889. A comparison of the two dates is also made by omitting seasonable articles, the cost of which varied greatly; though this lessens the difference (101.51 in 1891 to 100 in 1889), a decided increase is still shown.

If it be admitted that wages have increased about three-fourths of 1 per cent., as claimed, the report shows conclusively that the cost of living has advanced at a much greater rate if, as is obviously fair, the item sugar be omitted. The great fall in the price of that article on the removal of the tariff showed who paid the tax; and since the reduction in sugar is all that has saved the average cost of living from a material increase, we must conclude that whatever effect protection has on prices is to raise the cost to the consumer. President Harrison, in his letter of acceptance, gleefully claims the advantage of the protective tariff as proved by the report referred to. Of the kind of protection that makes sugar and other necessaries free, let us have much more!

Respectfully, A. G.

Philadelphia, September 19, 1892.

THE STATE BANK OF INDIANA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* for September 15, you take occasion to defend the plank in the Democratic platform demanding the repeal of that part of the National Bank Act imposing a tax of 10 per cent. on the circulating-notes of State banks, and you point to the old State Bank of Indiana, with its numerous branches, as having been "as sound as the Bank of England." Had you said "sound as a national bank in the matter of circulating-notes," it would have been rather stronger if anything. The successor to this eminently safe financial institution, "The Bank of the State of Indiana," with its numerous branches, was also sound, and it is not of record that any of its depositors suffered any loss by reason of their confidence in it; but some of its note-holders did. Not but that its notes were always redeemed at the counters of the parent bank and all its branches, as long as they existed; but after they had ceased to transact business as banks, and a certain specified time had elapsed, the notes of its issue no longer found a redeemer, except through courtesy, where some former president or cashier would, out of personal pride, redeem the scattering offerings; and within the past year the writer has had personal knowledge of notes, issued by the branch formerly located in this place, returned to senders for redemption unredeemed, as no one could be found who cared to extend the courtesy of redemption to the wandering promises of an institution which left no redemption fund for such as these, and to which accrued as profit all such unredeemed paper. Has any national bank done so badly? Can one do so badly if the republic lives? Have you ever known the note of a national bank to suffer a discount on the score of distance from the place of issue? Yet old merchants will tell you that the notes of even so good a bank as the State Bank of Indiana, while good as gold at home, were usually discounted 5 per cent. or more when they crossed the Allegheny Mountains to pay Western debts.

Not but that State banking laws might be good enough, but the very probable lack of uniformity in the laws to be enacted for this purpose by the different States, as regarding the time and place of redemption of such circulation as might be authorized, would have the tendency to render such notes of unequal value; and in view of the number of wild financial schemes proposed for our people in the not very distant past, it is at least among the possibilities that some one or more of them would find a home in some State or States, to the serious derangement of a financial system better than any yet devised, and good enough to be spared until something better than a variegated system, or lack of system, under State laws, can be found to supplant it. The experience of business men in this Western country does not confirm your "truth," that "the bad banks were the exception, and not the rule." "Theory" is good in some cases, but the financial facts of history constitute a "condition" with which the experienced merchants of the Middle West do not care to be again confronted. J. F. Reeves.

Richmond, Ind., Sept. 20, 1892.

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY AGAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter in your paper (No. 1421) from President Abbott of the Boston Public Library is simply astounding, and raises the question what the English language means in his use of it. For years, up to last year, Hartford workers in literature or science have been enabled by the kind services of Mr. F. B. Gay, the present librarian of the Watkinson Library, to supplement the Hartford resources by drawing on those of Boston; I have done so repeatedly, and the service was beyond price. But a year ago, without any notice whatever, the privilege was suddenly withdrawn, an application of Mr. Gay for the customary loan being flatly refused, not only for that occasion but for the future. Is this what Mr. Abbott calls "increasing the facilities for the use of the Library"? The Trustees have a right to do what they will with their own, but why make statements which hundreds of people (to put it moderately) know to be untrue? F. M.

Hartford, Conn., September 22, 1892.

Notes.

The Messrs. Putnam's fall announcements include the fourth and final volume of Prof. Johnston's edition of the 'Writings and Correspondence of John Jay,' the fourteenth and final volume of Mr. W. C. Ford's edition of Washington's Writings, and the first of ten volumes of 'Writings and Correspondence of Thomas Jefferson,' edited by Mr. Paul L. Ford; 'Nullification, Secession, Webster's Argument, and the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions,' by Caleb William Loring; 'The Church in the Roman Empire, A.D. 64-170,' by Prof. W. H. Ramsay; 'Studies of Travel in Greece and Italy,' by the late Edward A. Freeman; Leroy-Beaulieu's 'The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians,' from the third edition; 'A French Ambassador [le Comte de Cominges] at the Court of Charles II.,' by J. J. Jusserand; 'Short Stalks,' an illustrated narrative of hunting trips, by Edward N. Buxton; 'Notes for the Nile,' by Hardwicke D. Rawnsley; 'Japan in Art and Industry,' from the French of Félix Régamey; 'The Genesis of Art Forms,' by Prof. George L. Raymond of Princeton; 'The Customs and Monuments of Prehistoric Peoples,' from the French of the Marquis de Nadaillac; 'Scenes from the Life of Christ,' edited by Jessica Cone, with photogravures from celebrated paintings; the "Ariel Edition" of Shakspere's works in 39 volumes of pocket size, with 500 designs by Frank Howard, each volume being sold separately; Irving's 'Conquest of Granada,' in a style companionable to last year's "Darro Edition" of the 'Alhambra'; 'Fairy Tales of India,' collected and edited by Joseph Jacobs and J. D. Batten; 'The Supernatural: its Origin, Nature, and Evolution,' by John H. King; 'The Philosophy of Individuality,' by Antoinette Brown Blackwell; and 'Hygienic Measures in Relation to Infectious Diseases,' by George H. F. Nuttall of Johns Hopkins University and Hospital.

'Essays in Miniature,' by Miss Agnes Repplier, and 'Under Summer Skies,' by Clinton Scollard, illustrated by Margaret Landers Randolph, are in the press of Charles L. Webster & Co.

J. G. Cupples Co., Boston, announce 'Dramas: Comfort in a Corner; The Rogues' Mirror,' by E. J. and A. W. Sanborn; and 'Vagabond Rhymes,' by an Idler.

Thomas Whittaker publishes directly 'Early Bibles of America,' by the Rev. John Wright, D.D., in two editions, one on large paper.

To artists the most interesting book in English publishers' announcements for the autumn is Quevedo's 'Pablo de Segovia,' with illustrations by Daniel Vierge. Quevedo is one of the great Spanish humorists, all but forgotten out side of his native land; his story of Pablo, "the Spanish Sharper," is by far the most entertaining and clever of his many productions. It was well enough known a century ago, when it was translated into English. But since then

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it has been lost sight of by general readers, and the republication of the old translation is a literary event of some importance. Still, it must be admitted that the chief interest of the book centres in its illustrations. Those who have seen the illustrated French edition, issued in 1882 by Bonhoure, need not be reminded of the little masterpieces with which it was adorned. But in it the reproductions were far too small to do full justice to the work of a man who has been one of the strongest influences in revolutionizing modern illustration in France. Besides, the last few chapters were unillustrated; before the series was finished, Vierge had been stricken with the paralysis that for several years—until he had learned to use his left hand—kept him idle. Now, however, he has completed the work, the greatest he has yet undertaken. Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, his English publisher, is bringing out the new edition on a scale worthy of the illustrations, so that now for the first time Vierge's 'Pablo,' more than a rival to Quevedo's, can be seen adequately and in its entirety.

'Essex: Highways, Byways, and Waterways,' by C. R. B. Barrett (London: Lawrence & Bullen), is a pleasantly written and admirably illustrated volume. It is not a comprehensive survey of Essex, but describes objects of interest along the route from Bradwell Point via Maldon and Witham to Thaxted and Saffron Walden, thence eastward to Layer Marney, Coggeshall, Colchester, and Castle Hedingham—one of the most attractive sections of the county. The work seems to be especially designed for tourists, or for those who know Essex and desire a pleasant memento of its buildings and landscapes. A large part of the book is devoted to objects of antiquarian interest, local legends, the lives of Essex worthies, and historic buildings (old inns, castles, religious houses, etc.). The historical account of the chief towns is somewhat rambling; that of the Borough of Colchester breaks off abruptly with Roman times. The preface says that the gilds of Essex form a subject of consideration, but they are disposed of in a few lines. We do not, however, seek a connected historical narrative of gilds and municipalities in a book of this sort. The illustrations (including nine etchings) and the whole mechanical execution of the work are worthy of much praise. The index is meagre.

The younger Dickens makes a short introduction to the Macmillan reprint of the first edition of his father's 'Barnaby Rudge.' It was a novel which involved a breach with Dickens's former publishers and an engagement with new, and was attended with much trouble in its execution. H. K. Browne's illustrations are here reproduced with the text of 1841.

Cantillon's 'Essai sur le Commerce' has been reprinted for Harvard University (Boston: G. H. Ellis), the edition being as nearly as possible a reproduction of that of 1755, even to the extent of leaving typographical errors and irregularities unchanged. The essay should not be disregarded by those who are curious in the rather juvenile antiquities of economic science, and it may still be found suggestive. An appreciative estimate of Cantillon's work, by Mr. Henry Higgs, appeared in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* for July, 1892, which may be advantageously consulted by readers of this volume.

A second edition of Mr. M. M. Trumbull's 'Free-Trade Struggle in England' appears apportunely from the press of the *Open Court* Publishing Company, Chicago. An interesting feature of this book is the parallel exhibited between the arguments of the English protectionists and our own. In Mr. Trumbull's language, "had the English arguments for protection been preserved in Mr. Edison's phonograph, the unwinding of the machine would not have more faithfully reproduced them than they have been reproduced by the American protectionists in the debates in Congress—excepting this one, 'The foreigner pays the tax.' In all the debates in Parliament between 1841 and 1846, I cannot find it of record that any member was foolish enough to think that or daring enough to say it."

A second edition of Mr. James M. Swank's 'History of the Manufacture of Iron in All Ages, and particularly in the United States from Colonial Times to 1891,' is published by the American Iron and Steel Association, Philadelphia. This work demonstrates throughout the vigorous growth of the iron industry, not only without protection, but in the face of legislative discouragement by the mother-country, and concludes with a chapter devoted to maintaining the proposition that this growth is due to protective tariffs.

In Sewen's 'Studien über die Zukunft des Geldwesens' (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot), the main point is the proposal to introduce the "Getreide-note," or grain certificate, as currency, and thus break the "intolerable monopoly" now enjoyed by the precious metals as standards of value. This privilege, which governments have conferred upon gold and silver, our author regards as artificial and conventional, a manifest usurpation founded on no law of nature, and thinks the time has now come for wheat and rye to assert their equal rights. The intrinsic value of these products of the field as measured by their power of ministering to the wants of man being far greater than that of the products of the mine, Herr Sewen cannot conceive why their exchangeable value should be less. Is it not another example of the triumph of superficial brilliancy and glitter over real worth?

The fifth volume of Moltke's "Gesammelte Schriften und Denkwürdigkeiten" (Berlin: Mittler) contains a second instalment of letters to members of his family, besides a considerable number addressed to public men and personal friends, the present King Albert (then Crown Prince) of Saxony, and several officers of the army. There is also a long letter written from Copenhagen, October 1, 1891, by the Danish Lieut.-Gen. von Hegermann-Lindencrone to Moltke's nephew and namesake, giving interesting reminiscences of the distinguished strategist. The funeral discourse of the "evangelical field-provost of the army," Dr. Richter, and the admirable eulogy delivered by Prof. Ernst Curtius at a meeting of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Berlin, July 2, 1891, are reprinted. The illustrations consist of portraits drawn by Moltke of his sisters, Auguste and Magdelene. The volume closes with a chronological list of 328 letters written by Moltke between June 5, 1823, and April 13, 1891. There is a full table of contents, but no index.

A new contribution to American quatercentenary literature is Pater Bonaventura Hammer's 'Die Franciscaner in den Vereinigten Staaten Nordamerika's von der Entdeckung durch Columbus bis auf unsere Zeit' (Cologne). It begins with the services rendered to Columbus by Juan Perez, prior of the Franciscan monastery of La Rábida, in 1491, and gives an account of the missionary labors of the Franciscans in America and especially in the United States, down to the present time, with numerous views of the missions themselves. The materials are derived largely from Shea's 'History of the Catholic Church in the United States.'

The first number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* will be issued October 1; the first edition being of 14,000 copies. It will contain 176 pages of reading matter, and an engraved portrait of the late Dr. H. I. Bowditch, with contributions by Dr. A. P. Peabody, Theodore Roosevelt, President Eliot, Wendell P. Garrison, Prof. William J. Tucker, F. W. Thayer, W. C. Lane, Prof. C. E. Norton, and many others. The office of the magazine is at No. 6 Beacon Street, Boston.

Das Jahrhundert der Frau is the title of a new weekly journal to be published at Weimar as an organ of woman's rights in a somewhat conservative sense of the term. It will advocate the extension of woman's sphere, not so much in politics as in education and industrialism, claiming for her equal rights with man to develop her faculties and to use them for her own support.

Our Paris correspondent had lately something to say about Fénelon's relations with Mme. Guyon. In the *Revue Internationale de l'Enseignement* for August 15, Prof. Eugène Ritter of the University of Geneva comes to the defence of the genuineness of letters alleged to have passed secretly between the Bishop and the mystic from December, 1688, to December, 1689, and first published by Dutoit, a disciple of Mme. Guyon, in 1767, but discredited as manifestly suppositious by the editor of Fénélon's correspondence from the original MSS. in 1827. Dutoit's compilation is now well forgotten, and it was very carelessly arranged. Prof. Ritter reduces it to order, and begins the printing of all of Fénelon's letters, thirty-eight in number, breaking off at Number 13. He compares Fénelon's discrepant statements as to his first acquaintance with the apostle of quietism, and reminds the reader of Bossuet's charge against him of "hesitations and tergiversations" in the matter of his spiritual union with Mme. Guyon. In the *Revue* for August 15, there is a long article on the French archæological discoveries in Algeria and Tunis, which Renan has pronounced among the glories of France in the present century.

In the August number of *Insect Life*, a monthly bulletin devoted entirely to economic entomology, an especially valuable publication of the U. S. Agricultural Bureau, the Entomologist, Prof. Riley, takes occasion to publish some conclusions of general interest to zoologists in his paper "On some Interrelations of Plants and Insects." Three lines of variation are recognized: (1) the absolutely essential, which are acted upon by natural selection; (2) the non-essential, but secondarily advantageous; and (3) the fortuitous, the unessential and superficial, taking place in all directions of no counteracting resistance. The conviction is asserted that insect life and development give no countenance to those who deny hereditary transmission of functionally acquired characters, but, on the contrary, they furnish the strongest refutation of the views held by Weismann and his followers. To give Prof. Riley's own wording: "I recognize the physical influence of environment; I recognize the effect of the interrelation of organisms; I recognize, even to a degree that few others do, the psychic influence, especially in higher organisms—the power of mind, will, effort, or the action of the individual as contradistinguished from the action of the environment; I recognize the influence of natural selection properly limited, but, above all, as making

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effective and as fixing and accumulating the various modifications due to these or whatever other influences, I recognize the power of heredity, without which only the first of the influences mentioned can be permanently operative."

The August issue, No. 6, of the new magazine *Natural Science* (Macmillan) maintains the excellent standard set by the earlier numbers. The publication is a monthly review of scientific progress; it is devoted to condensed articles, such as the busiest find time to read, and notices, news, observations, reviews, criticisms, and correspondence. Among the "notes and comments" of the present number there is a notice of Marcou's pamphlet attack on the U. S. Geological Survey, in the course of which it is stated that such a map as is suggested by Marcou, "in ten or twelve large sheets for the whole United States," prepared in ten or twelve years with three or four additional years for publication, including the reports, descriptive and other, would be entirely inadequate unless a mere sketch map was all that was desired. On the charge of extravagant expense the editor says that in England "the United States has usually been regarded as furnishing a noble example—for surely parsimony is detrimental to the growth of science." The Permanence of the Great Oceanic Basins, by A. R. Wallace; The Climate of Europe during the Glacial Epoch, by Clement Reid; Death, by P. C. Mitchell; The Geology of the Central Himalaya, by H. B. Woodward; The *Albatross* Expedition (on Prof. Agassiz's report), by W. E. Hoyle; Professor Lloyd Morgan on the 'Grammar of Science,' by R. J. Ryle; and Technical Education in Surrey, by J. Percival, are the articles in this number. The reviews are mostly unsigned, which tends to greater freedom of expression. In the list of supporters are included the names of such authorities as Prof. Morgan, F. E. Beddard, R. Lydekker, A. S. Woodward, G. A. Boulenger, J. T. Cunningham, J. W. Davis, P. L. Sclater, and others of the first rank in their special studies. There is a marked absence of a bias in favor of Darwinism.

Within a few weeks the publishers of Worcester's Dictionary have sent out a circular containing the requirements in English for admission to Harvard College, taken from the Harvard Catalogue of 1890-91. They assure us that they give "the exact words of the catalogue," and call special attention to the footnote, "Worcester's Dictionary is the standard." They add: "We take a reasonable pride in being the publishers of a work thus highly distinguished, and feel that we are warranted in quoting the above words as the highest commendation possible." All this is very edifying to most readers, who probably do not ask why the catalogue of 1890-91 is quoted in the summer of 1892, when the catalogue of 1891-92 would seem to be the natural authority for the present position of Harvard College. But the fact is that the last Harvard catalogue omits the footnote relating to Worcester's Dictionary altogether and makes no mention of that work.

—The latest literary venture in England is the *Pagan Review*, the organ, its editor announces, of the "younger generation" (*les jeunes*) of Great Britain. The announcement is useless. Youth, and extreme youth at that, breathes from every page and every line; it reveals itself in the delightfully foolish *noms de guerre* adopted by its unknown supporters; while its would-be shocking motto, "Sic Transit Gloria Grundi," at once gives the keynote to its programme. It is to deal with life stript of the veil of convention; it is to supply literature dominated by the various forces of the sexual emotion; it is, in a word, to be very modern and very French, to be in journalism what the nude is in art—the pet horror of the British Matron. Paganism is a large name for so puny an ambition. Its fulfilment, as set forth by the first number, recently published, falls far short of the programme. The contents are neither strikingly audacious nor promisingly clever. Rather lurid tales and poems, plentifully scattered with sumptuous adjectives, and giving a faint echo of the preciousness of Mr. Wilde, are scarce an improvement upon the literary fare provided by the ordinary magazine. Indeed, to the outsider a suspicion occurs that many represent MSS. which had in vain gone the rounds of Philistine editors. There is no other characteristic to note, unless it be the acceptance of Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy as the British gods to worship by these Neo-Pagans. The interest attached to their new publication is really negative rather than positive. It reflects the emptiness of the present "younger generation," who are so proud of their own ripe talents. In the last decade or two we have had one such venture after another: the *Hobby-Horse*, the *Dial*, the *Whirlwind*, the *Albemarle Review*. And yet we must go back to the *Germ* for an organ of *les jeunes* who really had something quite their own to say, and who, to borrow a phrase from the Pagan Reviewers, could give artistic expression to the artistic inwardness of their new creed. Among our "younger generation" literature seems as barren as art.

—"Columbus and the Fourth Centenary of his Discovery" is the subject of the principal article in the September Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society. The author, Mr. Clements R. Markham, wisely avoids a recapitulation of well-known facts, and confines himself to a lucid discussion of certain points in the discoverer's life which are still matters of controversy. These are the place and date of his birth, which he shows from cumulative evidence to have been in Genoa in 1447, and the character of the assembly at Salamanca. This, it has generally been supposed, consisted of representatives of the University, who formally condemned the proposals of Columbus for a western voyage to the Indies. The truth seems to be that he passed a winter at a farmhouse three miles from Salamanca, to which were wont to come professors, Dominican monks, and persons attached to the court, to hear his arguments for his scheme; for he was "gifted with a charming manner, simple eloquence, and great powers of clear exposition." The traditional spot of these assemblies is the crest of a small hill near the house, still known as the "teso de Colón" and marked by a stone pyramid surmounted by a globe. At these gatherings and at similar assemblies in the great hall of the Dominican convent in the city, he gained many influential friends, who finally turned the scale in his favor when the matter was brought before Isabella. After a brief reference to the size and equipment of his ships, Mr. Markham proceeds to show from "overwhelming" evidence that the landfall of Columbus must have been Watling Island. Charges of carelessness and inaccuracy have been frequently brought against him, but on the other hand there are abundant proofs of his "great capacity for taking trouble," as well as of the extraordinary accuracy of his observations at sea; while the most serious error attributed to him is now known to be a scribe's blunder. An original portrait of Columbus exists at Como, of which Mr. Markham secured a photograph. An engraving from it is given in the Proceedings, representing him as a "venerable man, with thin gray hair, the forehead high, the eyes pensive and rather melancholy." To the paper, which is an unusually fresh and interesting contribution to a well-worn topic, is appended an elaborate note giving the reasons which lead Mr. Markham to believe that Amerigo Vespucius's alleged first voyage was a fabrication. He "merely wrote to interest his friends at Florence" and to get credit by magnifying his exploits, but without any idea of robbing Columbus of any part of his fame. Still less did he connive at the suggestion of the name America. "It is very unlikely that he ever heard of the suggestion of Waldseemüller."

—The Proceedings, as well as the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for September, give the Presidential address by Prof. James Geikie before the geographical section of the British Association. It is a technical discussion of the light thrown by recent deep-sea exploration and geological research upon the geographical development of coast-lines, and appears to be mainly an exposition of the theory of Prof. Suess in his 'Das Antlitz der Erde.' This is, in general terms, that the variations of the sea-level are not wholly or perhaps even largely due to the elevation of the land, but to the subsidence of the oceanic trough and to sedimentation within the continental area. In developing this theory he pictures, at times graphically, the changes in the coast-lines in different geologic ages. Among the curious facts stated in the course of the address is the abruptness with which the continental plateau rises from the oceanic trough. "A depression of the sea-level or an elevation of the plateau for 10,000 feet would add only a narrow belt to the Pacific Coast between Alaska and Cape Horn, while the gain of land on the Atlantic slope of America between 30 degrees N. L. and 40 degrees S. L. would not be much greater." He also refers to the higher level of the sea on the borders of the continents than in the mid-ocean, as well as to the variation of height at different places on the same coast. "The attraction of the Himalaya, for example, suffices to cause a difference of 300 feet between the level of the sea at the delta of the Indus and on the coast of Ceylon." An admirable map of the globe, showing the heights of the land and the depths of the sea, accompanies and well illustrates the paper.

—Mr. Edwin B. Frost contributes to the *Astronomische Nachrichten* his observations on the thermal absorption in the solar atmosphere, made at Potsdam under the direction of Prof. Vogel. Secchi, Langley, Cruls, and others have studied the effect of the sun's own atmosphere in absorbing the heat rays, but the results present very considerable discordances. Mr. Frost, aided by the resources of the Potsdam Observatory, constructed his apparatus himself—a thermopile so modified as to preclude systematic errors. His observations were made in September and October, 1891, and in March, April, and May, 1892, and the original paper must be referred to for the tabular statement of results. While earlier observers had found the heat radiated from the southern hemisphere of the sun to be only three-fourths that from the northern, Mr. Frost's work enables him to conclude that the heat transmitted from points in the neighborhood of the sun's poles is at present practically the same as that from points on the equator equally distant from the centre of the disk, while the difference between northern and southern

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hemispheres, if real, is exceedingly small. Of heat radiation emitted from the sun and passing along its radius, about one-fourth part is absorbed in the sun's atmosphere; and the earth would receive from the sun, if the atmosphere of the latter were removed, 1.7 times the present amount.

—Mr. Frost's observations relate not only to the photosphere, but to the sun-spots as well, and a rather surprising result was that occasionally spots were found to be relatively warmer than the surrounding photosphere. These were spots very near the sun's limb, so he attempts to find out whether such dark objects follow the same law of absorption as the photosphere. His data were unfortunately insufficient for absolutely establishing that the spots are subject to a considerably less absorption than the neighboring photosphere, but there is ground at least for the suggestion that they may lie in a higher stratum than the photosphere. Still, the individual character of sun-spots is often so different that it is scarcely allowable to combine them together in taking average thermal effects. Langley's observations on the thermal conditions of sun-spots in 1874-75, with which Mr. Frost compares his own, were made about three years after a solar maximum, while the recent work was done two years after a minimum. Attention is wisely directed to the great importance of further and systematic observations in favorable climates and with adequate instruments, inasmuch as the present state of our knowledge of this subject renders it impossible to assert that the thermal conditions of spots (and perhaps even of the photosphere and atmosphere) are invariable during the eleven-year period of solar activity.

—The noble series of American portraits which we owe to the skill of Mr. G. Kruell, member of the Society of American Wood-Engravers, has just been extended by one of the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' The likeness is all that the intimate friends of Mrs. Stowe could desire, while the execution is on a level with Mr. Kruell's finest work. The quality of the flesh, the expression of the eye and mouth, the complex of physical traits which reveal the character of the best-known of the Beecher family, have been rendered with the same sympathy and sureness that so distinguished this artist's portrait of Grant—an admirable study in contrasting technique. Another interesting comparison is afforded by the steel engraving after Richmond's idealized portrait of Mrs. Stowe thirty to forty years ago. Mr. Kruell has taken the plain, strong face of this New England woman and endowed it with an inner, not an outward grace, much as the novelists of her section have beautified their homely types of New England womanhood. The result is the truest portraiture, satisfactory alike to those who demand photographic fidelity of form and feature, and to those who seek a manifestation of the spirit which transcends physiognomy. Mrs. Stowe has indicated her readiness to sign these Japan prints in token of her approval, and this compliment she pays to art and not to flattery.

—In the preface to his new edition of the Letters of Adrienne Lecouvreur, M. Georges Monval, the learned and acute archivist of the Comédie-Française, furnishes more information as to the life, and especially as to the death, of that amiable and ill-fated actress than has hitherto been available. It has long been believed (and MM. Scribe and Legouvé have set it forth on the stage) that she was poisoned by the Duchess de Bouillon through jealousy of Maurice de Saxe. In point of fact, this is a question which it is extremely difficult to settle. M. Monval has unearthed the police reports of the affair in the archives and library of the Arsenal, and finds in them a story more romantic than anything Dumas ever wrote. Leaving out all the details of oaths and masks and midnight meetings, the main facts in the case seem to be these: the Duchess of Bouillon employed a humpbacked abbé named Siméon Bouret to carry to Adrienne Lecouvreur a box of lozenges, probably poisoned. Bouret promised, but afterwards repented and gave warning to the actress. At once a great scandal arose. The Duchess vehemently denied the charge and complained to the lieutenant of police, who promptly shut up the unhappy Bouret in the underground cells of the Bastille. While the scandal was at its height, Adrienne died suddenly, and the public was not slow to connect her death, which was possibly accidental, with the incident of the lozenges. Her hasty and rude burial, in unconsecrated ground, with no funeral rites, in a grave filled with quicklime, confirmed the suspicions of some. But this was only the common burial of a player; even Molière came very near sharing it with her.

HARRISSE'S DISCOVERY OF NORTH AMERICA.—I.

The Discovery of North America: A critical, documentary, and historic investigation, with an essay on the early cartography of the New World, including descriptions of two hundred and fifty maps or globes, existing or lost, constructed before the year 1536. To which are added a Chronology of one hundred voyages westward, projected, attempted, or accomplished between 1431 and 1504; biographical accounts of the three hundred pilots who first crossed the Atlantic; and a copious list of the original names of American regions, caciqueships, mountains, islands, capes, gulfs, rivers, towns, and harbors. By Henry Harrisse. London: H. Stevens & Son. 1892. [380 copies printed in quarto, 815 pp.]

THIS is in every sense a weighty book, and its scope is a broad one. The title shows that it is by no means confined to North America. We begin our notice with a full acknowledgment of its immense importance to the student of the early history and hydrography of the two Americas, and of the peerless rank in this department of knowledge which Mr. Harrisse—an American citizen, by the way, though for twenty-five years a resident of Paris—possesses. We are anxious thus to show in advance our high appreciation of the book, because we propose to question certain qualities of the critic and to discuss some mooted points; and we would not have our estimation of the book deduced from our opinion upon these few points.

Mr. Harrisse has traversed nearly all his present paths in earlier books and papers which were written almost entirely in the French language; but in this summary of his labors now given in the English tongue he has availed himself anew of all these discussions, added a good deal, and revised not a few of his former beliefs. The learning of the book is very great. It would have been too serious a task to verify his numerous citations in our very careful reading for the present notice; but we are bound to say that, observing his discredit of some of the passages which he quotes from a contemporary American writer, and struck ourselves with the apparent inexactness of the statements in these extracts (pp. 579, 646, 647), we were led to compare his citations, and, to our surprise, we find them incorrect and even garbled, and in one place where he had queried (thus [?]) the fact, we were surprised to find the doubt pertained to one of his own interpolations in the extracts. We are loath to believe that there are other instances of like flagrancy, but must confess our confidence has been a trifle shaken.

Referring to his own purpose, Mr. Harrisse says:

"Our sole object has been to investigate anew the exactness of the current allegations, which, by being constantly repeated, are now received as historical truths, and to establish on a solid basis the principal elements of discussion. Some of the results obtained, so far from seeming new, may be considered simply as confirming opinions shared at present by the generality of critics. Others will doubtless create doubt and surprise, although they are here presented with an array of tests and deductions deserving, we think, of the attention of analytical historians."

In one place he recapitulates forty-three mooted points upon which he claims to have thrown new light. We cannot attempt to examine all these points, some of which would be better grouped than differentiated; but a few will engage our attention.

As respects American studies in this field, since they were put on a recognized basis by Dr. Kohl, and have later been pursued with such assiduity by Carson Brevoort and Henry C. Murphy—not to name those among the living—there has been much done to augment the sum of correct knowledge. It must be confessed, however, that the helps to such investigations are not altogether so generally available in this country as in Europe. Still, we are becoming richer and richer every day. That Mr. Harrisse finds as much difficulty in not missing contributions to this knowledge which appear here, as Americans on their part find in making sure of everything which appears in Europe, may be true. The difficulty, however, might well prompt him to qualify some of his frequent assertions that historians have always been in error. Take an instance: Referring to the Cortes map of the Gulf of California, whereon it is said that Cortes discovered that water on May 3, 1535, he says that *all* historians have followed the lead of Gomara and Lorenzana, and have deduced that Cortes went to California in 1536. In this he overlooks a distinguished Spanish scholar, Fernandez Duro, who brought the map before the Congrès des Américanistes, and produced an historical paper upon it, some years ago. Moreover, as early as 1883, Dr. Hale brought a photograph of the map from Spain, and this was reproduced in a well-known American history in 1886.

It would seem that different sections of the present book were written so far apart in time that the author's estimates had changed in the intervals. In one place he deems the existence of the map which Dom Pedro of Portugal is said by Galvano to have brought home in 1428 from his travels, to be impossible (p. 637), and in the next section (pp. 652, 655) he says that Prince Henry sent Cabral in search of the islands which appeared on this very map. In one or two other places he is evidently confused in mind, though this is far from being his habit. He questions (p. 658) a map of the "sixteenth century" because "it can scarcely be of a date prior to 1500." In one place (p. 653) he says that during ten years after the

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discovery of America there were 240 "navigations to and fro," not including clandestine and official expeditions; and again he says that he has "succeeded in finding for the same period about eighty transatlantic voyages." It may be that "voyages" mean expeditions of one or several ships, while "navigations" count each vessel. Whichever be the case, so much more is yet to be done in such inquiries that Mr. Harrisse does not think he has discovered more than a quarter of the maritime ventures of that period.

In taking up a few cases, we begin with Columbus. We have never seen so good a chronicle as is here given of the numerous experimental voyages which, for sixty years before 1492, were made towards the west to iscover new islands, and even a *continent*, which some of these adventurers professed a hope of reaching. These were mainly under royal Portuguese auspices. Harrisse jumps perhaps too hastily to his conclusion that Columbus's communication with Toscanelli was in 1479. He argues that when Toscanelli, on sending a copy of the letter which is dated 1474, said that it was originally written before the wars in Castile, he implied that when he sent it to Columbus those wars had ceased, as they did by treaty in 1479. Markham, in a paper published the present month, contends that the interval was but a short one, and that accordingly it must have been in 1474 when Columbus appealed to Toscanelli, this proving, as he thinks, that Columbus had begun to brood over the ocean problem before leaving Savona. Harrisse elucidates more satisfactorily than any one before the problem of the way in which the news of Columbus's return and of his discovery reached Rome. The usual story has been that some Genoese carried it from Spain; but it seems that even before Columbus reached Barcelona, the word had been despatched from Lisbon after Columbus had put into the Tagus, and had reached and was recorded in the Papal city as early as April 11, though it was not officially communicated to the Pope till towards the end of that month, by Bernardino de Carvajal—the first papal bull being issued May 3.

It was the bull of the next day, it will be remembered, which put the line of demarcation a hundred leagues west of the Azores. The prompt sending out of an expedition by Portugal to discover if Columbus had transgressed earlier bulls confirming ocean privileges to Portugal, and the hope of assuring for this rival Power some share of these new lands, led to the diplomatic interchange of views between Spain, Portugal, and the Holy See. It has always seemed to us that Portugal's anxiety may have been stimulated by the Basques, whose fishing voyages were perhaps thus early made to the banks of Newfoundland, over which Portugal would be desirous of securing control. When the library of the Vatican was a few years ago thrown in a certain way open to investigation, it was hoped that this tripartite diplomacy would be explained in more detail than we now have; but we are still in the dark, and students have long ago come to the conclusion that they must know precisely what they want and ask for it by title, before anything can be got from the keepers of that collection. In the absence of anything like a calendar or catalogue, the chance is but small of getting any satisfaction even on presenting definite titles. Harrisse refers in one passage to the way in which an "outsider" is debarred there in making researches, and the present writer knows himself of these obstacles. The result of this three-fold diplomacy was, as is well known, the treaty of Tordesillas, June 7, 1494, by which the line of demarcation was pushed to 370 leagues west of the Cape de Verde Islands. Columbus was then absent on his second voyage, and the treaty was sent to him. It could not have satisfied him, for it was likely to shut off his participancy in the wealth of the easterly parts of that continental land of which he had got a vague suspicion as lying to the south. Harrisse points out how the codicil to his will, which he made eight years later, shows that he did not recognize the treaty as binding on him.

There are two new documents respecting Columbus and his views which Harrisse offers to students here. It seems that while Columbus was still in Spain, after his return from his first voyage, and before the fruits of his discovery had spread outside that small circle of cosmographers and potentates who were interested in it, a learned Doctor Jerome Münzmeister, in Nuremberg, had, on July 14, 1493, written a letter to King John of Portugal, in support of an appeal which the Emperor Maximilian had already made to that monarch, to send out an expedition to discover western lands. Without any reference to Toscanelli or Columbus, and citing precisely the reasons which that Florentine physician had urged upon Columbus, based upon the representations of Aristotle, Seneca, and Pierre d'Ailly, "and many other illustrious persons," this Nuremberg savant rehearsed the old traditional views of western lands, which he thought confirmed by bamboo stalks having at times drifted from the west upon the shores of the Azores. We know that Martin Behaim was in Nuremberg not long before this time, at work upon his famous globe; and so we are not surprised to find that Münzmeister recommends Behaim to the King as a fit commander for the undertaking. The inference is that Maximilian may have been in his imperial city of Nuremberg at about the same time. From a letter of Behaim, March 11, 1494, it seems clear that the confident savant was a friend of his. That Behaim or Münzmeister should not have known of Columbus's persistent urging of just such an expedition and of his successful return from such a one, is surprising; but then it does not seem so strange when we reflect that the *Nuremberg Chronicle*, which aimed to bring down the progress of the world's events to July, 1493, makes no mention of Columbus. This letter goes a good way toward establishing the fact, which has often been in discussion, that Behaim, a courtier, had never known of Columbus, an adventurer. The letter itself is a good example of the impediments to research in an obscure subject which distance of place imposes. We are not aware that any American student ever heard of this letter, and yet it appeared as a *Tractado da Spera do Mundo* at Lisbon before the middle of the sixteenth century, probably. But one copy of the little book is known, and that is in the library at Evora, in Portugal. Further, it was reprinted in a periodical at Evora in 1865, was again printed (but privately) at Coimbra in 1878, and was finally edited by Ernesto do Canto at Ponta-Delgada in the Azores in 1879. The present writer has at times been in correspondence with the Azorean editor, but he never heard of it till he found it in the book before him.

The other new document gives unexpected clearness to one of the most disgraceful acts of Columbus, his forcing his companions, during his second voyage and when on the coast of Cuba, to make oath that they believed themselves on the coast of Asia. Mr. Fiske, in his recent 'Discovery of America,' has made light of the incident in this fashion:

"Nobody seems to have had any dissenting view, and there is no reason for supposing that anybody signed the declaration reluctantly. For the owlish gravity with which some modern writers use this incident in evidence of the Admiral's alleged deceitfulness and weakness of character, the proper answer is a peal of Homeric laughter."

Mr. Olindo Guerrini has lately found in the University Library at Bologna a manuscript account of this second voyage of Columbus, by one Cuneo, who was of the ship's company. We learn from this account, which Harrisse brings to our notice, the interesting fact that Columbus laid down on his sailing chart island after island as he passed them; but of more interest is the fact of which Cuneo also advises us, that a "majority" of those who swore to that oath were forced to perjure themselves by the threats from Columbus of personal violence, while one among them, "a learned cosmographer and an abbot," was so emphatic in his private dissent that Columbus later took steps to prevent his returning to Spain, where the Admiral feared he might prejudice his interests with the sovereigns. It is well known that Columbus took away from his men maps which they made on their own account, and Harrisse points out how Juan de la Cosa, who was one who took the oath, when out of the Admiral's reach recanted, and recorded his true opinions in making Cuba an island in his famous mappemonde of 1500.

We mark, also, some new points about the Cabots. It was never quite evident to the late Dr. Charles Deane—who, since Biddle's time, has been, among our American students, the best versed in the history of the Cabot voyages—that Sebastian Cabot could be unqualifiedly charged with the authorship of the famous Cabot mappemonde of 1544. This map was discovered nearly fifty years ago, and still remains a unique possession of the great library at Paris. Dr. Deane would hardly have sought to unravel the mystery of the inconsistencies of the Cabot story by accounting Sebastian Cabot a mendacious fraud, as seems to be the opinion entertained of him by Harrisse. Cabot's reputation among his English contemporaries was certainly unsavory, and apparently he did not mind selling the same opinions and cartographical data to rival buyers, when he could gain by it. Still, it has never been perfectly manifest that he should be credited with all the deceit which is associated with his career, for we get the story not always at first hand, and know not how the stories of him have been colored in passing through other minds. We have been inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt; Mr. Harrisse has no doubts, and even gives Cabot the credit or discredit of the authorship of the great map, and leaves the reader to understand that whatever in that map is contrary to truth sprang from the inability of Cabot to tell the truth. The map as it now appears has a series of printed legends pasted on its margins, purporting in one of them to emanate from Sebastian Cabot himself. This does not necessarily imply that Cabot did more than furnish the data. Now it turns out that Harrisse has discovered what he thinks the original draft of these legends in the handwriting of Dr. Grajales. A manuscript *Declaratio de Tabla Navigatoria* in the King's Library at Madrid has been considered by Humboldt, and by others who have followed that writer, as a work of Columbus simply because it contained an account of the third voyage of the Admiral; but Harrisse,

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by a recent examination, has found that the document which gives the MS. its name is really these well-known legends of the Cabot map, and that the *Carta de Navegar* referred to in it is simply the Cabot map itself. The map was reëngraved in England by Clement Adams, and we have indications of several editions in circulation in England while Sebastian Cabot himself was still in that country—which renders all the more singular the disappearance of all but the single copy now in Paris. We know of various manuscript maps of Cabot—Harrisse enumerates them—but they, too, have disappeared.

The chief interest of the map is that it marks the landfall of Cabot's first voyage at Cape Breton, and this notwithstanding all the authorities from La Cosa (1500) down, some of them clearly deriving their information from Sebastian Cabot himself, had placed the land first seen at various points, as well as one can judge without the help of precise indications of latitude, on the Labrador coast. Harrisse's theory is that Cabot in 1544 marked the landfall at Cape Breton to curry favor with the English authorities—he was now in England—and to give them ground for offsetting the claims to the St. Lawrence which France was just establishing through the explorations of Cartier and Roberval. The supposition is rather violent, especially since Harrisse himself cannot find that any one ever formulated a claim for England based upon Cabot's discovery, before Dr. John Dee did so in 1580, thirty-six years later. Dr. Deane, who had a propensity to stand by an historical document until it was proved dishonest, hesitated to depart from the evidence of the Cabot mappemonde, and he found it distinctly confirmed by Galvano. Some recent investigations by Bishop Hawley of Newfoundland, by Dionne, one of the younger historical students of Canada, and by Prof. Packard, in his scientific studies of Labrador, have agreed in the conclusion that the coast of Newfoundland was the point first seen.

Another of the mysteries of Sebastian Cabot is the discrepancies of his statement respecting his voyage of 1498. Henry Stevens looks upon Cabot's claim to have reached the latitude of Gibraltar on the Florida coast as a simple absurdity, and he bases his distrust mainly on the ground that Cabot, when presiding over the congress of Badajos, would not have recognized the rights of Spain arising from the expedition of Ponce de Leon if he himself had already skirted that coast. It is certainly staggering to find Cabot in 1535 testifying before the Council for the Indies that he did not know if there was a continuous coast between Florida and the Baccalaos. Harrisse, however, believes not only that Cabot was on the Florida coast, but that his ships must have carried to that region the English whom Ojeda was sent, in 1501, to warn off.

CANOES ON THE DANUBE.

The Danube, from the Black Forest to the Black Sea. By F. D. Millet. Illustrated by the author and Alfred Parsons. Harper & Bros. 1892. Pp. 327.

Paddles and Politics: Down the Danube. By Poultney Bigelow. With illustrations by the author. Charles L. Webster & Co. 1892. Pp. 253.

IN 1891 three canoeists dedicated the summer to a voyage down the Danube. The start was from Donaueschingen, the official source of the river, and its mouth was reached in seventy-eight days. Twenty-eight days were spent in delays or excursions. The distance, 1,775 miles, was accomplished in fifty days of paddling—an average of thirty-five miles per day. The three canoes were all of the same *Rob Roy* pattern which has been reproduced with small variations for nearly thirty years from the original invented by McGregor in London, and doubtless named *Rob Roy* in honor of his freebooter namesake. McGregor's canoe weighed eighty pounds, those of the latest Danubians not an ounce less. Aluminium will greatly reduce the feather-weight of this egg-shell craft and of its equipment as well.

If the makers of the first book above named had not written any letter-press at all, we should learn much from the pictures, which, half as numerous as the pages, tell their own story. About one-third of them, namely, the rural and urban views, are by Mr. Parsons; the others, showing each change in many-colored human life, are by Mr. Millet. There are no portraits save of the paddling trio and the author of "Die Wacht am Rhein," but we see the physiognomy of many nationalities, all in their own costumes, varying with age, sex, occupation, as well as with working or festal days. Distaff spinning; wooden hay-forks and other tools as primitive; caryatid bearers of hay, or telescopes of half-a-dozen tubs each higher than the carriers; monks, soldiers, porters, fishermen, frontier-guards, all in their own surroundings—are a tithe of the life-scenes depicted. Then we see bulbous domes, towers of more stories than Babel, high-peaked gables, town-walls, castles perched like eagles' nests on topmost crags, modern fortresses, mosques and minarets, cathedrals, monasteries scarcely surpassed by their mother and model, Monte Casino. The river — the longest in Europe save the Volga, and surpassed by only two or three of ours—is given us by instalments in half-a-dozen sectional maps. In the illustrations, thirty-five of which are full-page, it comes before us now as a mirror in which its banks are duplicated, now rushing through the Iron Gates and cañons yet more sublime, now in cascades where the canoe-men, braced among the rocks, are letting their barks at the ends of painters dart down into calm water below. All that time has spared of Roman riverside roads, Trajan's bridge and his commemorative inscription cut in the living rock, is brought before our eyes by the artist's pencil. The engravings have also a special interest since they enable laymen to understand what manner of boat a *Rob Roy* is, as well as how it is worked, and that better than pages of description. We see the adventurer carrying the craft that has carried him. It is all before us—how he shoots a rapid, buoyant as a bladder; how his sail turns to a tent pitched on his deck, with a lantern for evening lucubration, till he wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

But Mr. Millet's narrative is worthy of his pencil sketches, and it may be doubted which of them owes the more to the other. His first sentence, to be sure, seems too long for a short book, and violates a familiar rhetorical rule, but his style is clear and flowing. He tells us so much we like to know that we are loath to lay the book down. He sweeps us along as the river did him. When he talks shop, his chief admirers must be professionals like himself; but we can all share in the ovations which greeted, and sometimes surprised, his party in boat clubs at Ulm, Vienna, and Buda-Pesth.

As the source of the Danube is well-nigh half a mile above the sea-level, the flora near its head-waters is sub-alpine. As it descends to lower levels and latitudes, careering across more than half the continent, it shows a very diversified vegetation. Luckily one of the party was a botanist, assured that he would be as wise as Solomon if he only knew the hyssop, the cedar, and all plants between them. No sooner had two days of the cruise ended than Mr. Millet began to copy in his own work from the botanical notebook of Alfred Parsons. He continued to make such extracts now and then all the way to the sands of the Black Sea. On his last page but one he mentions fifteen plants which Mr. Parsons had thought worth chronicling there. These botanical leaves the general reader will skip, but to the initiated each of them will shine like a Horatian purple patch on Millet's plain homespun.

Along the lower Danube primeval peculiarities were encountered. The guards along shore seemed ignorant of lucifers, and when Mr. Millet begged one for a cigarette, a soldier ran to the camp-fire and brought a live coal in his hand, no doubt protected by ashes. The moment Mr. Millet approached the bank his passport was demanded at the muzzle of a rifle. It was at once taken from him, and he could not embark again till he went to headquarters in search of it. Sometimes he kicked his heels for hours watching and waiting before he could obtain the return of a paper the lack of which held him like a fish on a hook, and which he found a master-key not only for passing gates, but for passing anywhere either on land or water—a veritable *passe-partout*. The passport plague so lately world-wide is now cooped up in a dark corner of Europe.

He who takes up Mr. Bigelow's book after reading that of Mr. Millet will find it hard reading—unless he be a canoeist. Professional brothers will enjoy his talk of a shell "that feels the twist of every eddy, that dances to the music of every rapid, that rushes with impetuous zeal down slopes of pale-green shallows, and that narrowly escapes being sucked into the back current at the river corners," etc. Much of Mr. Bigelow's book is padding. Of this nature is a chapter on priestly miracles, made up largely from a rare volume in the British Museum, and exposing a mediæval fountain of anti-Semitism. He is shocked that a statue of the Virgin is believed to shed real tears; yet the mythical talk concerning this marvel may be analogous to his own language about his canoe, *Caribee*, which he says "*remarked* to him in confidence" this and that. 'Down the Danube' is the title of Mr. Bigelow's book. How far he went he nowhere states, but in many ways would make us think his canoe voyage to have been longer than it was. The truth is that he left his two comrades at the Iron Gates, as Mr. Millet tells us (p. 205), while twenty days of paddling were still before them. This point is about two-thirds of the distance from the Black Forest to the Black Sea, and far above Widin, which, according to Mr. Millet, is the real head of Danubian navigation for sailing vessels (p. 234). Mr. Bigelow, however, paddled his own canoe as far as Widin, having previously at Orsova shipped his luggage up the river (p. 188). He gives us a drawing of *Caribee* borne by Bulgarian porters, but does not tell us of its bearing him a mile further.

Mr. Bigelow's alternative title to Paddles is Politics. Politics, cropping out early in a pilgrim climb of the Hohenzollern Mount Sinai, pervades all his concluding chapters. The oracles he consulted enjoined Jewish expulsion,

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but the secret of their inspiration was jealousy. This is clear when we learn that the lucrative sturgeon fishery at the Danube mouth is all in the hands of five Jews, each of whom employs more than 300 fishermen. Mr. Bigelow, when a boy at school, is reported to have sometimes beaten the present Emperor William, but has now become his worshipper, believing that the Kaiser is destined to master the entire Danube, and thus to usher in the millennium. He fills long chapters with bacchanalian revels and all-night dances at an ex-brigand Hungarian's house. He was almost in a fig-leaf paradise, and had never been treated so well—nor so often. His seventh heaven, however, was among gipsies. A sentence will give the keynote of his rhapsody. He says: "Several of the gipsy faces might have been studied from the life and treated as the ideal *Hamlet;* the Christs of Ary Scheffer and Doré were suggested to me as I looked into these interesting faces," etc. (p. 152).

On the whole, our canoeists have overrated their exploit, and remind us of doctors who pronounce an illness dangerous with an eye to doubling their fame and fees. At several points they were warned of danger and called foolhardy by persons who either thus hoped to turn a penny, or who repeated traditional commonplaces, or who had never seen a *Rob Roy*. But the real peril was small. In fifty days of paddling, the only mishap was a momentary capsize of one boat, which the paddler at once set upright again, as he had doubtless done a dozen times in America, and thought nothing of it. The acme of peril for the canoe fleet was thought to be at the Khasan Pass, but here, according to Admiral Bigelow, what capped the climax of difficulty was "the wash of a mail steamer" that was running through the same narrows. Very likely some lady on the deck of that vessel will describe the storm there as so furious that she could scarcely hold up her parasol.

Our canoe trio did nothing that had not been done and outdone many a time. A quarter of a century ago McGregor did more paddling down the Danube to Ulm, a dozen other rivers, and even the Jordan, and that alone. Mansfield did more forty years ago, descending the Danube in a pair-oar boat to Pesth. He visited the Walhalla, which our trio passed by on the other side, "leaving unseen a wonderful piece of work which not to have been blessed withal has wonderfully discredited their travel." Had they not thrown this pearl away they might have been as lucky as Mansfield, who was there invited into a palace to dine with a princess and then brought on his way by her. "Down the Danube" was child's play compared with the doings of our artist Catlin. Sixty years ago Catlin was on the first steamer that ever ascended the Missouri to the Yellowstone. He there made a dugout of a green log, and, with two half-breed paddlers, navigated it all the way to St. Louis, hundreds of miles further than from the Black Forest to the Black Sea; in want of all things save what his rifle could supply, through regions uninhabited unless by wild beasts and wilder men.

Sir Philip Sidney: Type of English Chivalry in the Elizabethan Age. By N. R. Fox Bourne, Author of 'The Life of John Locke,' etc., etc. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

When Shakspere wrote "of the courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword," and of the "expectancy and rose of the fair state," he might well have had Philip Sidney in his mind. The expectancy of the state Sidney was, in a marvellous and almost unaccountable degree. He was thirty-one years old when he died. He had performed one or two public missions, not of great importance, with creditable success, and he had stood well at court; but he had never held high office or been a privy councillor. He did not belong to the highest order of the nobility, and he was so far from being rich that his corpse was kept above-ground for three months because creditors were unsatisfied. His writings had brought him reputation in his own circle, but they had hardly brought him general renown. He had fallen gallantly in a cause dear to the nation, but so did many another English officer whose sword was drawn for the Netherlands against Spain. In the maritime or colonizing enterprise of the day, though he had taken an interest, he had not personally shared. Yet his death was felt as a great national calamity. All England went into mourning. "It was accounted a sin for any gentleman of quality for months after to appear at court or city in any light or gaudy apparel." Queen Elizabeth, who was not emotional, on the day when the corpse was landed in England put off a visit to Walsingham for fear of renewing their common grief. The Netherlands wished to retain the body, and promised a monument worth its weight in gold, but England claimed the precious remains. The funeral pomp was royal. It is almost a singular case, apart from the cases of young heirs to thrones, of a nation and the world so fixing their eyes on an "expectancy" and bewailing its cutting off by death. "Indeed," Fulke Greville writes of Sidney, "he was a true model of worth; a man fit for conquest, plantation, reformation, or what action soever is the greatest and hardest among men; withal, such a lover of mankind and goodness that whosoever had any real part in him found comfort, participation, and perfection to the uttermost of his power; like Zephyrus, he giving life where he blew." The gift of winning hearts here indicated was probably a great part of the talisman.

Sidney, as his biographer says, was the type of that Protestant chivalry of which Spenser was the poet and the 'Faerie Queene' is the mirror. Fairfax, the translator of Tasso, was another literary member of the circle, which perhaps lasted long enough to embrace his kinsman, Sir Thomas Fairfax, the Parliamentary General, who was a man of culture and a poet as well as a politician and a soldier. The chivalry of the Elizabethan age, Mr. Fox Bourne says, was in some respects out of date, in others immature. He thinks that it strove to conform to a tradition unsuited to society in England of the sixteenth century, that its ideals were in the mediæval past, but that "all its dignity came from the efforts of its heroes to help on the great change from mediæval to modern ways of thought and action, and to reshape the old ideals in forms proper for the future." This may be true; but all special types of character are fleeting, and this does not prevent them from being interesting or important in their own day. The Protestant chivalry did as good and as indispensable service to humanity in its time by fighting the "Beast" as mediæval chivalry had done by fighting the dragon. The heroism which saved the sepulchre was not more practical or seasonable than the heroism which saved Zutphen.

In another way Sidney belongs to a type of character now bygone. At the present day we are all specialized. A good many of us, working in factories, are specialized to the extent of becoming mere human hammers or spindles, doing mechanically a section of a work which we do not even see as a completed whole. But few or none of us unite "the courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, pen, sword." Few or none of us combine high culture with action. Much less can we combine universal culture with action. Scientific culture demands a life by itself. In the days of Philip Sidney and the Admirable Crichton universal perfection did not seem so unattainable. It was the mark at which they aimed. The gentry under the Renaissance had become cultivated, had even been fired with the enthusiasm of culture, without having lost the active and military vigor of their class in the Middle Ages, while the circle of knowledge was still limited enough to be traversed in the leisure hours of a life of action. The great men of the English Commonwealth combined culture and speculation—at least religious and political speculation—with action in council and in the field to an extent at present almost unexampled. Will specialization ever find its limit? Will the world ever see another attempt, by turning out a completely developed, fully equipped, and perfectly balanced man, to fulfil the aspiration of Sidney and Crichton?

We cannot, at this distance of time and with evidence so imperfect, look closely enough into Sidney to say whether his moral perfection was not in some degree marred by a too great consciousness of his own position. He felt himself that he could hardly be a courtier without some detriment to his character; nor do we like to see him asking for a share of the confiscated property of Roman Catholic recusants. His literary style savors, to say the least, of affectation. But there was nothing affected in the battle or in the deathbed at Zutphen.

Mr. Fox Bourne seems to have made the most of his materials, and he has given us a clear outline of the character if he could do no more. As few can now pretend to read the 'Arcadia,' an anthology in the appendix might have been welcome. The illustrations are a very attractive feature of the book, which is tastefully got up in all respects.

Italian Child Life; or, Marietta's Good Times. By Marietta Ambrosi. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

An honest record of child life in Italy is naturally full of interest, and describes scenes and experiences which American children will delight to read of—vintage time, wine-making, silk culture; all the feasts and processions which are such important factors in the picturesque quality of Italian life; the games and toys of Italian children, their amusements. And Marietta Ambrosi tells her story with all the charm of sincerity and faithful detail. The wandering life her family led, her childhood being spent partly in the Tyrol and then in the towns of Peschiera, Brescia, and Mantua; the stirring times of the war of 1859, and of 1866, when the Garibaldians were quartered in every family; the visitation of the cholera; besides all the small events occurring in every family which take such gigantic proportions in a child's mind—all is naïvely described, with great feeling for local color. It is therefore unfortunate, since Marietta's life was full enough of adventure to make a very interesting book for children, that her editor should not have insisted on its being written in a language entirely comprehensible to the children it is intended for. As it is, there is such a mixture of Italian words quite untranslated, and Italian words ill translated, that there is

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much to puzzle the reader who has never lived in Italy. We cite page 86, where "piazza dell' erbe" is called "square of the greens" instead of *vegetable market*. Such mistakes, too numerous to quote, occur all through the book, and the style is essentially that of a foreigner using English with difficulty.

The value of the book would have been increased tenfold had the publishers seen to its having been thoroughly revised. The illustrations are not well executed and seem to have been chosen at random.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, Mrs. The Snare of the Fowler. Cassell. $1.
Beattie, H. S. Joshua Wray. U. S. Book Co. $1.25.
Bernard, Rev. T. D. The Central Teaching of Jesus Christ. Macmillan. $1.50.
Berwick y de Alba, La Duquesa de. Autógraphos de Cristóbal Colón, y Papeles de América. Madrid: M. Murillo.
Besant, W. London. Harpers. $3.
Bolton, Mrs. Sarah K. Famous Types of Womanhood. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Brugmann, Prof. Karl. Comparative Grammar of the Indo-Germanic Languages. Vol. 3. Morphology. Part II. B. Westermann & Co. $3.25.
Child, Theodore. The Desire of Beauty. Harpers. 75 cents.
Doudney, Sarah. Through Pain to Peace. John A. Taylor & Co. 50 cents.
Ewing, Mrs. J. H. The Story of a Short Life. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Ford, P. L. Writings of Christopher Columbus. C. L. Webster & Co. 75 cents.
Garnier, R. M. History of the English Landed Interest. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $3.50.
Greene, Homer. The Riverpark Rebellion, and a Tale of the Tow Path. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Henty, G. A. Beric the Briton. Scribners. $1.50.
Meade, L. F. Four on an Island. Cassell. $1.50.
Melville, Herman. Omoo. U. S. Book Co. $1.50.
Melville, Herman. Typee. U. S. Book Co. $1.50.
Mitford, Bertram. 'Twixt Snow and Fire. Cassell. 50 cents.
Needell, Mrs. J. H. Passing the Love of Women. Appletons.
Philips, F. C. Constance. John A. Taylor & Co. 50 cents.
Ray, Anna C. The Cadets of Fleming Hall. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Raymond, Mrs. Evelyn. Mixed Pickles. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Scaife, W. B. America: Its Geographical History, 1492–1892. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Smyth, Rev. Newman. Christian Ethics. Scribners. $2.50.
Snedeker, Florence W. A Family Canoe Trip. Harpers. 50 cents.
Springer, W. M. Tariff Reform the Paramount Issue. C. L. Webster & Co.
Stanwood, Edward. A History of Presidential Elections. 3d ed. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
The *Gentleman's Magazine* Library. English Topography. Part II. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50.
Tyndall, John. Fragments of Science. 2 vols. Appletons.
Wilder, Mrs. C. F. Polly Button's New Year. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents.
Wright, Rev. John. Early Bibles of America. Thomas Whittaker. $1.50.

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